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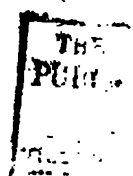
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lection.
1893.

51-52







THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN POMFRET.

5
A

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

If Heav'n the grateful liberty would give,
That I might chuse my method how to live-----
Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform; not little, nor too great----
I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great----
I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd
With the best wines each vintage could afford----
I'd chuse two friends; whose company would be
A great advance to my felicity-----
Would bounteous Heav'n once more indulge, I'd chuse
(For who would so much satisfaction lose
As witty synops in conversation give?)
Near some obliging modest fair to live.---

THE CHOICE.

L O N D O N :
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THE PRINCE OF WALES.

1787.



T H E
POETICAL WORKS
O F
JOHN POMFRET.

CONTAINING HIS

CHOICE,		LAST EPIPHANY,
RESPECT OF DEATH,		DIVINE ATTRIBUTES,
REASON,		ELEAZAR'S LAMENTATION.

&c. &c. &c.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
 Below'd by all, not vainly popular.
 Whate'er assistance I had pow'r to bring,
 To oblige my country, or to serve my king,
 Where'er they call'd, I'd readily afford
 My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword—
 If Heav'n a date of many years would give,
 Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty, live—
 And, when committed to the dust, I'd have
 A friendly, dropp'd into my grave;
 But if I must exit so propitious be,
 To live and die like me.

THE CHOICE.

LONDON:
 SELL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS
 HIGHNESS
 PRINCE OF WALES.
 1787.

therein mentioned; but they, as well as being now dead, it is hoped that the world at this juncture will answer the same purposes intended by the Author in its composition.

The other, entitled *Dies Novissimæ* Last Epiphany, a Pindaric ode, on Christ's appearance to judge the world, is now a manuscript under his own hand. Indeed, confessed, that many excellent poets have exercised their talents upon this subject notwithstanding the different manner they have treated it, I dare say there is such a holy warmth animating this poem, that, as The Guardian has observed of our vine poetry, we shall find a kind of our pleasure, and our diversion will be in safety.

It is thus given a faithful account



LIFE OF POMFRET.

vi

ness of his writings from the injurious treatment of those who have, either through malice or ignorance, ascribed some of them to other persons.

The true account of his family is as follows, *viz.* Mr. Pomfret's father was Rector of Luton in Bedfordshire, and himself was preferred to the living of Malden in the same county. He was liberally educated at an eminent grammar-school in the country, from whence he was sent to the university of Cambridge, but of what college he was entered I know not. There he wrote most of his poetical compositions, took the degree of Master of Arts, and very early accomplished himself in most kinds of polite literature.

It was shortly after his leaving the University that he was preferred to the living of Malden above mentioned; and so far was he from being in the least tinged with fanaticism, that I have often heard him express his abhorrence of the destructive tenets maintained by those people, both against our religious and civil rights.

This imputation, it seems, was cast on him by there having been one of his surname, though not any way related to him, a dissenting teacher, who died not long ago*: so far distant from the accusation were the principles of this excellent man.

* Mr. Samuel Pomfret, who published some rhymes upon Spiritual Subjects, as they are pleased to call them.

PHILALETHERS.



THE PREFACE.

IT will be to little purpose, the Author presumes, to offer any reasons why the following poems appear in public, for it is ten to one whether he gives the true, and if he does, it is much greater odds whether the gentle reader is so courteous as to believe him. He could tell the world, according to the laudable custom of Prefaces, that it was through the irresistible importunity of friends, or some other excuse of ancient renown, that he ventured them to the press ; but he thought it much better to leave every man to guess for himself, and then he would be sure to satisfy himself ; for, let what will be pretended, people are grown so very apt to fancy they are always in the right, that unless it hit their humour, it is immediately condemned for a sham and hypocrisy.

In short, that which wants an excuse for being in print, ought not to have been printed at all : but whether the ensuing Poems deserve to stand in the class the world must have leave to determine. What faults the true judgment of the gentleman may find out, it is to be hoped his candour and good humour will easily pardon ; but those which the peevishness and ill nature of the critic may discover, must expect to be unmercifully used ; though methinks, it is a very preposterous pleasure to scratch other persons till the blood comes, and then laugh at and ridicule them.

a fulsome epistle de-
ht Honourable : for if a poem struts ou
Lord's patronage, the author imagines
than *scandalum magnatum* to dislike it,
lly if he thinks fit to tell the world that t
d is a person of wonderful wit and und
3, a notable judge of poetry, and a ver
rable poet himself. But if a poem
trinsic excellencies and real beauties, th
ame in the world will never induce a ma
o approve it; and if it has them, Tom
s good as my Lord Duke's; the only
s, Tomclaps half an ounce of snuff into
hand, and his Grace twenty guineas : f
there lies the strength of a great nam
greatest protection an author can receive
To please every one would be a new
to write so as to please no body would
and Wythers have the



MISCELLANIES.

THE CHOICE.

av'n the grateful liberty would give,
I might chuse my method how to live,
All those hours propitious Fate should lend
Useful ease and satisfaction spend :
For some fair town I'd have a private seat, 5
Uniform ; not little, nor too great ;
If on a rising ground it stood,
Beside fields, on that a neighb'ring wood :
Would within no other things contain
That are useful, necessary, plain : 10
Lest 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
Useless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A garden, grateful to the eye,
A cool rivulet run murm'ring by,
These delicious banks a stately row 15
Of dy limes or sycamores should grow ;
The end of which a silent study plac'd,
To be with all the noblest authors grac'd.
And Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Great wit and solid learning shines ; 20
Juvenal, and am'rous Ovid too,
All the turns of love's soft passion knew ;
And with judgment reads his charming lines,
Which strong art with stronger nature joins,

always take my morning exercise ;
sure no minutes bring us more content
in those in pleasing useful studies spent
'd have a clear and competent estate,
at I might live genteelly, but not greater
much as I could moderately spend ;
little more, sometimes t'oblige a friend
: should the sons of Poverty repine
so much at Fortune, they should taste
d all that objects of true pity were
ould be reliev'd with what my wants com
: that our Maker has too largely giv'n
ould be return'd in gratitude to Heav'n
frugal plenty should my table spread,
with healthy, not luxurious, dishes fed
ough to satisfy, and something more,
o feed the stranger and the neighb'ring
ong meat indulges vice, and pamp'ring

THE CHOICE.

1

Wine whets the wit, improves its native force, 5
 And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse ;
 By making all our spirits debonair, .
 Throws off the lees, the sediment of care :
 But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends
 May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends, 6
 So, but too oft', the grape's refreshing juice
 Does many mischievous effects produce.
 My house should no such rude disorders know,
 As from high drinking consequently flow,
 Nor would I use what was so kindly giv'n 6
 To the dishonour of indulgent Heav'n.
 If any neighbour came he should be free,
 Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be
 In my retreat, or to himself or me. }
 What freedom, prudence, and right reason, give 7
 All men may, with impunity receive ;
 But the least swerving from their rule's too much ;
 For what's forbidden us 'tis death to touch.
 That life may be more comfortable yet,
 And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great, 7
 I'd chuse two friends, whose company would be
 A great advance to my felicity ;
 Well born, of humours suited to my own,
 Discreet, and men as well as books have known ;
 Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free 8
 From loose behaviour or formality ;
 Airy and prudent ; merry, but not light ;
 Quick in discerning, and in judging right ;

n gay talking, and in sweet grave,
 in dispute, but not tenacious; try'd
 id reason, and let that decide;
 rone to lust, revenge, or envious hate, 90
 usy meddlers with intrigues of state;
 gers to 'slander, and sworn foes to spite;
 uarrelsome, but stout enough to fight;
 l and pious, friends to Cæsar; true,
 ying martyrs, to their Maker too: 95
 eir society I could not miss
 ermanent, sincere, substantial, bliss.
 ould bounteous Heav'n once more indulge, I'd
 who would so much satisfaction lose [choos
 vitty nymphs in conversation give?) 10
 : some obliging modest fair to live;
 there's that sweetness in a female mind,
 ich in a man's we cannot hope to find;
 t, by a secret but a pow'rful art,
 eds on the spring of life, and does impart } 10

THE CHOICE.

1

Courage to look bold Danger in the face ;
 No fear, but only to be proud or base ;
 Quick to advise, by an emergence prest, 11
 To give good counsel, or to take the best :
 I'd have th'expression of her thoughts be such,
 She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much ;
 That shews a want of judgment and of sense ;
 More than enough is but impertinence : 12
 Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd,
 Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind ;
 Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride,
 In all the methods of deceit untry'd ;
 So faithful to her friend, and good to all, 12
 No censure might upon her actions fall :
 Then would ev'n Envy be compell'd to say—
 She goes the least of woman-kind astray.

To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire,
 Her conversation would new joys inspire, 13
 Give life an edge so keen, no surly care
 Would venture to assault my soul, or dare
 Near my retreat, to hide one secret snare. }
 But so divine, so noble, a repast
 I'd seldom, and with moderation taste ; 13
 For highest cordials all their virtue lose
 By a too frequent and too bold a use ;
 And what would cheer the spirits in distress
 Ruins our health when taken to excess.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar ; 14
 Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.

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y grave :



LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON.

A VISION.

THO' gloomy thoughts disturb'd my anxious breast
All the long night, and drove away my rest,
Just as the dawning day began to rise
A grateful slumber clos'd my waking eyes ;
But active fancy to strange regions flew, 5
And brought surprising objects to my view.

Methought I walk'd in a delightful grove,
The soft retreat of gods, when gods make love ;
Each beauteous object my charm'd soul amaz'd,
And I on each with equal wonder gaz'd, 10
Nor knew which most delighted ; all was fine,
The noble product of some Pow'r divine :
But as I travers'd the obliging shade,
Which myrtle, jessamine, and roses, made,
I saw a person whose celestial face 15
At first declar'd her goddess of the place ;
But I discover'd, when approaching near,
An aspect full of beauty, but severe :
Bold and majestic, ev'ry awful look
Into my soul a secret horror struck : 20
Advancing farther on she made a stand,
And beckon'd me ; I kneeling, kiss'd her hand ;
Then thus began—" Bright Deity ! (for so
" You are, no mortals' such perfections know)
" I may intrude ; but how I was convey'd 25
" To this strange place, or by what powerful aid

am, or what
then, that I no longer
serve the goddess I obey.
she reply'd, "this place belongs to one
you'll be, and thousands are, undone.
pleasant walks, and all these shady bow'rs,
the government of dangerous pow'rs. 35
the capricious master of this coast,
fatal labyrinth, where fools are lost.
all not here amidst these gaudy things,
lose short enjoyment no true pleasure brings,
have an empire of a nobler kind; 40
y regal seat's in the celestial mind,
here, with a godlike and a peaceful hand,
rule, and make those happy I command;
For while I govern all within's at rest;
No stormy passion revels in my breast:
But when my pow'r is despicable grown,
sneaking flatterers usurp the throne,
sneaking flatterers enjoy, [spi
wise. are of

" Fly, youth ! these guilty shades ; retreat in time
 " Ere your mistake's converted to a crime ;
 " For ignorance no longer can atone
 " When once the error and the fault is known. 60
 " You thought, perhaps, as giddy youth inclines,
 " Imprudently, to value all that shines,
 " In these retirements freely to possess
 " True joy, and strong substantial happiness :
 " But here gay Folly keeps her court, and here, 65
 " In crowds, her tributary fops appear,
 " Who, blindly lavish of their golden days,
 " Consume them all in her fallacious ways.
 " Pert Love with her, by joint commission, rules
 " In this capacious realm of idle fools, 70
 " Who, by false arts and popular deceits,
 " The careless, fond, unthinking mortal cheats.
 " 'Tis easy to descend into the snare,
 " By the pernicious conduct of the fair ;
 " But safely to return from this abode 75
 " Requires the wit, the prudence, of a god ;
 " Tho' you, who have not tasted that delight,
 " Which only at a distance charms your sight,
 " May, with a little toil, retrieve your heart,
 " Which lost, is subject to eternal smart. 80
 " Bright Delia's beauty, I must needs confess,
 " Is truly great, nor would I make it less ;
 " That where to wrong her where she merits most ;
 " But dragons guard the fruit, and rocks the coast ;
 " And who would run, that's moderately wise, 85
 " A certain danger for a doubtful prize ?

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LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON.

“ How you must cringe and bow, submit and v
“ Call ev’ry feature, ev’ry look, divine ;
“ Commend each sentence with an humble sm
“ Tho’ nonsense, swear it is a heav’nly style
“ Servilely rail at all she disapproves,
“ And as ignobly flatter all she loves ;
“ Renounce your very sense, and silent sit
“ While she puts off impertinence for wit :
“ Like setting-dog, new whipp’d for springing
“ You must be made, by due correction, tam
“ But if you can endure the nauseous rule
“ Of women, do ; love on, and be a fool.
“ You know the danger, your own methods
“ The good or evil’s in your pow’r to choose
“ But who’d expect a short and dubious blis
“ On the declining of a precipice,
“ Where, if he slips, not Fate itself can sav
“ The falling wretch from an untimely grav
“ Thou great Directress of our minds,” said
“ We safely on your dictates may rely,
“ And that which you have now so kindly p
“ Is true, and, without contradiction, best ;
“ But with a steady sentence to control
“ The heat and vigour of a youthful soul,
“ While gay temptations hover in our sight
“ And daily bring new objects of delight,
“ Which on us with surprising beauty smile
“ Is difficult, but is a noble toil.
“ The best may slip, and the most cautious fa
“ He’s more than mortal that ne’er erri’d at

I may be, sure, from rigid censure
Love was my foe, and Love's a deity."

Then she rejoin'd ; " May you successful prove
In your attempt to curb imperious Love ;
Then will proud passion own her rightful lord
You to yourself, I to my throne, restor'd :
' But to confirm your courage, and inspire
' Your resolution with a bolder fire,
' Follow me, Youth ! I'll shew you that shall
" Your soul to curse the tyranny of Love."

Then she convey'd me to a dismal shade
Which melancholy yew and cypress made,
Where I beheld an antiquated pile
Of rugged building in a narrow aisle ;
The water round it gave a nauseous smell,
Like vapours steaming from a sulph'rous cell
The ruin'd wall, compos'd of stinking mud
O'ergrown with hemlock, on supporters stor'd
Ungrateful to the view ;

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON. 25

hence, by Reason's conduct I was brought,
 various turnings to a spacious vault,
 e I beheld, and 'twas a mournful sight,
 rowds of wretches all debarr'd from light, 180
 hat a few dim lamps, expiring, had
 h made the prospect more amazing sad;
 wept, some rav'd, some musically mad; }
 swearing loud, and others laughing; some
 always talking, others always dumb: 185
 ne a dagger in his breast expires,
 quenches with his blood his am'rous fires:
 hangs a second; and, not far remov'd,
 d lies poison'd, who false Celia lov'd.
 orts of madness, ev'ry kind of death, 190
 rich unhappy mortals lose their breath,
 here expos'd before my wond'ring eyes,
 ad effects of female treacheries.
 s I saw, who were not quite bereft
 ise, tho' very small remains were left, 195
 ng the fatal folly of their youth,
 usting to perjurious woman's truth.
 on the left—upon the right a view
 ual horror, equal mis'ry, too;
 ing, all employ'd my troubled thought, 200
 with new wonder new aversion brought.
 : I beheld a wretched num'rous throng
 le lean mortals: some lay stretch'd along
 ds of straw, disconsolate and poor;
 s extended naked on the floor: 205

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' The charms of beauty I'll no more pursue;
 " Delia! farewell; farewell for ever too."
 Then we return'd to the delightful grove,
 Where Reason still dissuaded me from love.
 " You see," she cry'd, " what misery attends 240
 " On love; and where too frequently it ends;
 " And let not that unwieldy passion sway
 " Your soul, which none but whining fools obey.
 " The masculine brave spirit scorns to own
 " The proud usurper of my sacred throne, 245
 " Nor with idolatrous devotion pays
 " To the false god or sacrifice or praise.
 " The syren's music charms the sailor's ear,
 " But he is ruin'd if he stops to hear;
 " And if you listen Love's harmonious voice 250
 " As much delight as certainly destroys.
 " Ambrosia mix'd with aconite may have
 " A pleasant taste, but sends you to the grave;
 " For tho' the latent poison may be still
 " A while, it very seldom fails to kill. 255
 " But who'd partake the food of gods to die
 " Within a day, or live in misery?
 " Who'd eat with emperors, if o'er his head
 " A poniard hung but by a single thread? *
 " Love's banquets are extravagantly sweet, 260
 " And either kill or surfeit all that eat,
 " Who, when the sated appetite is tir'd,
 " Ev'n loath the thoughts of what they once admir'd.

* The feast of Democles.

" Vows of this nature, Youth! must
 " You're always bound, tho' 'tis a gentle yoke.
 " Would men be wise, and my advice pursue, 27
 " Love's conquests would be small, his triumphs few
 " For nothing can oppose his tyranny
 " With such a prospect of success as I.
 " Me he detests, and from my presence flies,
 " Who know his arts, and stratagems despise, 2
 " By which he cancels mighty Wisdom's rules,
 " To make himself the deity of fools :
 " Him dully they adore, him blindly serve; [star
 " Some while they're sots, and others while th
 " For those who under his wild conduct go,
 " Either come coxcombs, or he makes 'em so :
 " His charms deprive, by their strange influence
 " The brave of courage, and the wise of sense :
 " In vain Philosophy would set the mind
 " At liberty, if once by him confin'd :
 " The scholar's learning and the poet's wit

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON. 29

Would not for safety to a battle fly,
 Or chuse a shipwreck if afraid to die ; 295
 Far from these pleasurable shades remove,
 And leave the fond inglorious toil of Love."
 This said, she vanish'd; and methought I found
 Myself transported to a rising ground, 300
 From whence I did a pleasant vale survey;
 Large was the prospect, beautiful and gay:
 There I beheld th' apartments of delight,
 Whose curious forms oblig'd the wond'ring sight;
 Some in full view upon the champaign plac'd,
 With lofty walls and cooling streams embrac'd; 305
 Others in shady groves retir'd from noise,
 The seat of private and exalted joys:
 At a great distance I perceiv'd there stood
 A stately building in a spacious wood,
 Whose gilded turrets rais'd their beauteous heads;
 High in the air, to view the neighb'ring meads,
 Where vulgar lovers spend their happy days
 In rustic dancing and delightful plays:
 But while I gaz'd with admiration round,
 I heard from far celestial music sound;
 So soft, so moving, so harmonious, all
 The artful charming notes did rise and fall;
 My soul, transported with the graceful airs,
 Shook off the pressures of its former fears;
 I felt afresh the little god begin
 To stir himself, and gently move within;
 Then I repented I had vow'd no more
 To love, or Delia's beauteous eyes adore.

“ O Delia : ~~what~~ .

“ Inhuman to himself, and false to you :

“ 'Tis true, I've promis'd Reason to remo-

“ From these retreats, and quit bright Delia

“ But is not Reason partially unkind ?

“ Are all her votaries, like me, confin'd ?

“ Must none, that under her dominion live,

“ To love and beauty veneration give ?

“ Why then did Nature youthful Delia grac-

“ With a majestic mien and charming face

“ Why did she give her that surprising air

“ Make her so gay, so witty, and so fair,

“ Mistress of all that can affection move,

“ If Reason will not suffer us to love ?

“ But since it must be so, I'll haste away

“ 'Tis fatal to return, and death to stay.

“ From you, bless'd Shades ! (If I may c

“ Inculpable) with mighty pain I go :

“ Compell'd from hence, I leave my qui

“ ~~But I buy it dear.~~”

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON. 3

“ With whose important favour you are grac’d,
“ And justly in his high protection plac’d. 35
“ Be grateful, Strephon, and obey that god,
“ Whose sceptre ne’er is chang’d into a rod ;
“ That god, to whom the haughty and the proud,
“ The bold, the bravest, nay, the best, have bow’d
“ That god, whom all the lesser gods adore, 36
“ First in existence and the first in pow’r :
“ From him I come, on embassy divine,
“ To tell thee Delia, Delia may be thine ;
“ To whom all beauties rightful tribute pay ;
“ Delia, the young, the lovely, and the gay ! 36
“ If you dare push your fortune, if you dare
“ But be resolv’d, and press the yielding fair,
“ Success and glory will your labours crown,
“ For Fate does rarely on the valiant frown :
“ But were you sure to be unkindly us’d, 37
“ Coldly receiv’d, and scornfully refus’d,
“ He greater glory and more fame obtains
“ Who loses Delia, than who Phyllis gains.
“ But to prevent all fears that may arise,
“ (Tho’ fears ne’er move the daring and the wise) 37
“ In the dark volumes of eternal doom,
“ Where all things past, and present, and to come
“ Are writ, I saw these words—“ It is decreed
“ That Strepon’s love to Delia shall succeed.” 37
“ What would you more ?— While youth and vigour
“ Love, and be happy ; they decline too fast. [la
“ In youth alone you’re capable to prove
“ The mighty transports of a gen’rous love :

" Now, if you hope —
 " To die in raptures, or dissolve in charms
 " Quick to the blissful happy mansion fly,
 " Where all is one continu'd ecstasy ;
 " Delia impatiently expects you there,
 " And sure you will not disappoint the fair
 " None but the impudent or old would stay
 " When love invites, and beauty calls-awa-
 " Oh! you convey," said I, " dear charm
 " Into my soul a strange disorder'd joy.
 " I would, but dare not, your advice pur-
 " I've promis'd Reason, and I must be true
 " Reason's the rightful empress of the soul
 " Does all exorbitant desires control,
 " Checks ev'ry wild excursion of the mind
 " By her wise dictates happily confin'd ;
 " And he that will not her commands obey
 " Leaves a safe convoy in a dang'rous way
 " True, I love Delia to a vast excess,
 " —————
 " ————— my passion let

PARTRICHAUNT OVER REASON. 33

I more than I her beauties view,
 At the thoughts to leave her too; 415
 If I give I might my flame allow
 Bid by Reason and a vow,
 My obstacles; tho' love of old
 Bro' greater, stronger pow'r controll'd.
 Send, by high example taught, 420
 Or be an interpliable fault;
 If such have found grace above,
 And Heaven will spare the crimes of love:
 No, my Angel! but instruct me how
 Happy and not break my vow, 425
 O subtle art dissolve the chain,
 O revive my dying hopes again.
 I Love, I know, could ne'er agree;
 I stand, and both superior be,
 Supported by the sin'wy force 430
 Of guile and wise discourse;
 I would to use no other arms
 Impressions and persuasive charms.
 Be disobey'd; and shall I prove
 My reason, or to love? 435
 Suppose I should my flame pursue,
 Be unkind and faithless too,
 Passion with a proud disdain;
 The love of such an humble swain:
 Had I labour under mighty grief, 440
 Hope or prospect of relief;
 It thinks, 'tis safer to obey
 On, tho' she bears a rugged way,

" A sad partaker of their misery.
 " But your encouragements so strongly move, 45
 " I'm almost tempted to pursue my love ;
 " For sure no treacherous designs should dwell
 " In one that argues and persuades so well ;
 " For what could Love by my destruction gain ?
 " Love's an immortal god, and I a swain ; 46
 " And sure I may, without suspicion, trust
 " A god, for gods can never be unjust, "
 " Right you conclude," reply'd the smiling boy
 " Love ruins none ; 'tis men themselves destroy
 " And those vile wretches which you lately saw, 47
 " Transgress'd his rules as well as Reason's law
 " They're not Love's subjects, but the slaves of lu
 " Nor is their punishment so great as just ;
 " For Love and Lust essentially divide,
 " Like day and night, humility and pride : 48
 " One darkness hides, t'other does always shine
 " One of infernal make, and that divine.

TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON. 35

thinking she would disapprove
 pursuit of honourable love, 475
 re judge what's harmless an offence,
 meaning, and mistake her sense.
 Not such insipid counsel give
 love at all ; 'tis not to live ;
 Bright virtue and true beauty lies, 480
 Delia, charming Delia's eyes !
 contented, see th' angelic maid
 in' dull embraces laid ?
 When Tityrus possess those charms
 in heav'n, the heav'n of Delia's arms ?
 Outh ! what transport you forego, 486
 Entire felicity below,
 By Fate alone reserv'd for you ;
 Have been deny'd, for monarchs sue.
 Difficult to gain the prize, 490
 Be cheap and low in noble eyes ;
 In one soft minute, when the mind
 Guarded, waiting to be kind.
 Wise lover understanding right,
 The day upon the wings of light. 495
 Your vow ; but can those vows prevail
 On foundation and whose reason fail ?
 To leave fair Delia, but you thought
 It was a crime, your flame a fault :
 Your judgment err'd, it has no force 500
 At all, but is dissolv'd of course ;
 No more hesitate no longer here,
 All the dull remains of fear.

"Dare you be happy, Youth! but da

"I'll be your convoy to the charming

"What! still irresolute? debating st

"View her, and then forsake her if ye

"I'll go," said I; "once more I'll

"'Tis brave to perish by a noble fall.

"Beauty no mortal can resist, and Jo

"Laid by his grandeur to indulge his

"Reason! If I do err, my crime forg

"Angels alone without offending live.

"I go astray but as the wise have do

"And act a folly which they did not

Then we, descending to a spacious,

Were soon saluted by a num'rous train

Of happy lovers, who consum'd their l

With constant jollity in shady bow'rs.

There I beheld the bless'd variety

Of joy, from all corroding troubles fre

Each follow'd his own fancy to delight

Tho' all went different ways, yet all w

TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON. 37

guardian Cupid, whose chief care,
 tions, was to warm the fair ; 535
 ger longings for the joy ;
 : slow, and to incline the coy.
 us fabric charm'd my wond'ring sight,
 at and of prodigious height :
 s marble, but the polish'd stone 540
 n admirable lustre shone,
 rchitect divine had strove
 : palace of imperial Jove.
 us gates of massy gold were made,
 ds of a mighty size inlaid : 545
 re winged guards, in order plac'd,
 g darts and golden quivers grac'd :
 ach'd, they clapp'd their joyful wings,
 ud, "Tune, tune your warb'ling strings;
 ful youth is come to sacrifice 550
 : altar to bright Delia's eyes :
 nony divine his soul inspire,
 ay boldly touch the sacred fire :
 at wait upon the blushing fair,
 ncense and perfumes prepare, 555
 great god her panting bosom warms,
 r beauties, and improves her charms."
 he spacious dome, my ravish'd eyes
 : scene of glory did surprise ;
 ymmetry, and brightness, all 560
 for admiration call ;
 ription is a labour fit
 eath a laureat angel's wit.

As Strephon, in a wither'd cypress shade,
For anxious thought and sighing lovers made
Revolving lay upon his wretched state,
And the hard usage of too partial Fate,
Thus the sad youth complain'd: "Once happy
" Now the most abject shepherd of the plai
" Where's that harmonious concert of delig
" Those peaceful days and pleasurable nigh
" That gen'rous mirth and noble jollity,
" Which gaily made the dancing minutes f
" Dispers'd, and banish'd from my trouble
" Nor leave me one short interval of rest.
" Why do I prosecute a hopeless flame
" And play in torment such a losing gam
" All things conspire to make my ruin s
" When wounds are mortal they admit
" But Heav'n sometimes does a mirac'lo
" Last hope is just upon the

THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT. 41

other swains it lavishly bestows ;
 them each nymph neglected favour throws ;
 they meet compliance still in ev'ry face,
 and lodge their passions in a kind embrace, 30
 sustaining from the soft incurious maid,
 the love for counterfeit, and gold for lead.
 success on Mævius always does attend ;
 constant Fortune is his constant friend ;
 levels blindly, yet the mark does hit, 35
 and owes the victory to chance, not wit :
 let him conquer ere one blow be struck ;
 not be Mævius to have Mævius' luck :
 and of my fate, I would not change my chains
 for all the trophies purring Mævius gains, 40
 but rather still live Delia's slave, than be
 like Mævius silly, and like Mævius free.
 but he is happy, loves the common road,
 and pack-horse like, jogs on beneath his load :
 Phillis peevish or unkind does prove, 45
 ne'er disturbs his grave mechanic love.
 little joy his languid flame contents,
 and makes him easy under all events :
 when a passion's noble and sublime,
 and higher still would ev'ry moment climb, 50
 tis accepted with a just return,
 the fire's immortal, will for ever burn,
 and with such raptures fills the lover's breast,
 as saints in Paradise are scarce more blest.
 but I lament my miseries in vain, 55
 Delia hears me pitiless complain.

" For that's a ~~disabling~~ ~~will~~
 " If she has scruples that oppose her will
 " I must, alas! be miserable still;
 " Tho', if she loves, those scruples soon w
 " Before the reas'ning of the deity;
 " For where Love enters he will rule alon
 " And suffer no co-partner in his throne
 " And those false arguments that would
 " His high injunctions, teach us to rebel
 " What method can poor Strephon then
 " To cure the bleeding of his fatal woun
 " If she who guided the vexatious dart
 " Resolves to cherish and increase the s
 " Go, youth, from these unhappy plain
 " Leave the pursuit of unsuccessful lov
 " Go, and to foreign swains thy griefs
 " Tell 'em the cruelty of frowning Fate
 " Tell 'em the noble charms of Delia's
 " Tell 'em how fair, but tell 'em how

THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

4

By Love directed, did her steps convey
 Where Strephon, wrapp'd in silent sorrow, lay.
 As soon as he perceiv'd the beauteous maid,
 He rose to meet her, and thus, trembling, said :
 " When humble suppliants would the gods appease
 " And in severe afflictions beg for ease, 9
 " With constant importunity they sue,
 " And their petitions ev'ry day renew.
 " Grow still more earnest as they are deny'd,
 " Nor one well-weigh'd expedient leave untry'd, 9
 " Till Heav'n those blessings they enjoy'd before
 " Not only does return, but gives 'em more.
 " O ! do not blame me, Delia, if I press
 " So much, and with impatience, for redress :
 " My pond'rous griefs no ease my soul allow, 10
 " For they are next t'intolerable now :
 " How shall I then support 'em when they grow
 " To an excess, to a distracting woe ?
 " Since you're endow'd with a celestial mind,
 " Relieve like Heav'n, and, like the gods, be kind
 " Did you perceive the torments I endure, 10
 " Which you first caus'd, and you alone can cure,
 " They would your virgin soul to pity move,
 " And pity may at last be chang'd to love.
 " Some swains, I own, impose upon the fair, 11
 " And lead th' incautious maid into a snare ;
 " But let them suffer for their perjury,
 " And do not punish others' crimes in me.
 " If there's so many of our sex untrue,
 " Your's should more kindly use the faithful few ; 11

" A COMMISSIONER LOVE, —
 " Meets with a full return, but mine the
 " Nay, scarce believ'd, tho' from deceit a
 " As angels' flames can for archangels
 " A passion feign'd at no repulse is grie
 " And values little if it ben't receiv'd;
 " But love sincere resents the smallest sc
 " And the unkindness does in secret mo
 " Sometimes I please myself, and thi
 " Too good to make me wretched by de
 " That tenderness which in your soul is
 " Will move you to compassion sure at
 " But when I come to take a second vie
 " Of my own merits, I despond of you
 " For what can Delia, beauteous Delia
 " To raise in her the least esteem for n
 " I've nought that can encourage my a
 " My Fortune's little, and my worth i
 " But if a love of the sublimest kind
 " ————— on a generous

THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

45

- " Still I am wretched if no more you give ;
 " The starving orphan can't on pity live ;
 " He must receive the food for which he cries,
 " Or he consumes, and, tho' much pity'd, dies.
 " My torments still do with my passion grow ; 150
 " The more I love, the more I undergo :
 " But suffer me no longer to remain
 " Beneath the pressure of so vast a pain :
 " My wound requires some speedy remedy ;
 " Delays are fatal when despair is nigh. 155
 " Much I've endur'd, much more than I can tell ;
 " Too much, indeed, for one that loves so well.
 " When will the end of all my sorrows be ?
 " Can you not love ? I'm sure you pity me :
 " But if I must new miseries sustain, 160
 " And be condemn'd to more and stronger pain,
 " I'll not accuse you since my fate is such ;
 " I please too little, and I love too much."
 " Strephon, no more," the blushing Delia said ;
 " Excuse the conduct of a tim'rous maid : 165
 " Now I'm convinc'd your love's sublime and true,
 " Such as I always wish'd to find in you :
 " Each kind expression, ev'ry tender thought,
 " A mighty transport in my bosom wrought ;
 " And tho' in secret I your flame approv'd, 170
 " I sigh'd and griev'd, but durst not own I lov'd :
 " Tho' now—O Strephon ! be so kind to guess
 " What shame will not allow me to confess."

THE
ie youth, encompr
hardly strength to bear the
too sublime an ecstasy possest,
e trembled, gaz'd, and clasp'd her to his brow
Ador'd the nymph that did his pain remove,
Vow'd endless truth and everlasting love.

A PASTORAL ESSAY
ON THE DEATH OF
QUEEN MARY.

ANNO MDCXCIV.

Strephon to his fold convey'd
A lamb, which from the flocks had stray'd,
In mournful cypress shade he found
Sleeping on the dewy ground :
With eager haste he ran to know
The cause of her intemp'rate woe, 5
And gave her to his impatient breast,
In words his tender care express'd :
Why mourns my dear Cosmelia ? why
Soul, dissolv'd in briny tears ? [appears
The tiger thy lov'd heifer slain, 11
Wand'ring on the neighb'ring plain ?
The greedy wolf devour'd thy sheep ?
Fortune makes Cosmelia weep ?
How canst thou prevent thy grief's increase, 15
How rows, or restore thy peace.
How canst thou not hear from far that mournful bell ?
How canst thou not the sad tidings tell.
How canst thou my fainting spirits fled !
—Strephon, oh !—she's dead ! 20
How canst thou, the princess of the plain,
How canst thou art untimely slain !
How canst thou ! 'tis impossible ! she cannot die !
How canst thou so much a deity :

104
Trembling and pale I ran thro' all the p
From flock to flock, and ask'd of ev'ry s
But each, scarce lifting his dejected head,
Cry'd, " Oh ! Cosmelia ; oh ! Celestia's

STREPH. Something was meant by tha
Of the prophetic raven from the oak, [dir
Which straight by lightning was in shiver:
But we our mischief feel before we see,
Seiz'd and o'erwhelm'd at once with mis

Cos. Since then we have no trophies t
No pompous things to make a glorious
(For all the tribute a poor swain can br
In rural numbers is to mourn and sing
Let us beneath the gloomy shade rehea
Celestia's sacred name in no less sacrec

STREPH. Celestia dead ! then 'tis in
What's all the comfort that the plains c
Since she, by whose bright influence a
and we reioic'd,

vain did courtly Damon warm the earth,
 & give to summer fruits a winter birth ; 55
 vain we autumn wait, which crowns the fields
 with wealthy crops, and various plenty yields ;
 since that fair nymph, for whom the boundless store
 of Nature was preserv'd, is now no more.

STREPH. Farewell for ever then to all that's gay ;
 you will forget to sing and I to play : 61

& more with cheerful songs, in cooling bow'rs,
 all we consume the pleasurable hours :
 all joys are banish'd, all delights are fled,
 & never to return, now fair Celestia's dead ! 65

COS. If e'er I sing, they shall be mournful lays
 of great Celestia's name, Celestia's praise ;
 how good she was, how generous, how wise !
 how beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes !
 how charming all ! how much she was ador'd, 70
 how live ;—when dead, how much her loss deplor'd !
 how noble theme, and able to inspire
 the humblest Muse with the sublimest fire.

and since we do of such a princess sing,
 let ours ascend upon a stronger wing, 75
 and while we do the lofty numbers join,
 her name will make the harmony divine.
 arise, then, thy tuneful voice, and be the song
 as sweet as her temper, as her virtue strong. 79

STREPH. When her great Lord to foreign wars
 had left Celestia here to rule alone, [was gone,
 with how serene a brow, how void of fear,
 when storms arose, did she the vessel steer !

She hardly gave them leisure to complain
Impatient to reward, but slow to draw
Th' avenging sword of necessary law;
Like Heav'n, she took no pleasure to des
With grief she punish'd, and she sav'd

Cos. When godlike Belliger, from wa
Return'd in triumph to Celestia's arms,
She met her hero with a full desire,
But chaste as light, and vigorous as fire:
Such mutual flames, so equally divine,
Did in each breast with such a lustre sh
His could not seem the greater, her's the
Both were immense, for both were in ex

STREPH. Oh! godlike princess! oh!
While she presided o'er the fruitful plain
While she, for ever ravish'd from our
To mingle with her kindred of the skies
Did for your peace her constant thoug
— — — — — her good angel, and the she

A PASTORAL ESSAY, &c.

And when a crown was forc'd on her by Fate,
She with some pain submitted to be great. 11

STREPH. Her pious soul with emulation strove
To gain the mighty Pan's important love,
To whose mysterious rites she always came
With such an active so intense a flame,
The duties of religion seem'd to be 12
No more her care than her felicity.

COS. Virtue unmix'd, without the least alloy,
Pure as the light of a celestial ray,
Commanded all the motions of the soul
With such a soft but absolute control, 12
That as she knew what best great Pan would please
She still perform'd it with the greatest ease;
Him for her high exemplar she design'd,
Like him benevolent to all mankind.

Her foes she pity'd, not desir'd their blood, 13
And, to revenge their crimes, she did them good
Nay, all affronts so unconcern'd she bore,
(Maugre that violent temptation pow'r)
As if she thought it vulgar to resent,
Or wish'd forgiveness their worst punishment. 14

STREPH. Next mighty Pan was her illustrious
His high vicegerent, sacredly ador'd; [lor
Him with such piety and zeal she lov'd,
The noble passion ev'ry hour improv'd,
Till it ascended to that glorious height, 15
'Twas next (if only next) to infinite:
This made her so entire a duty pay,
She grew at last impatient to obey,

WITH IT A CHAIR—

In which Elijah-like, she pass'd the ~~the~~ ~~of~~—
Brought joy to heav'n, but left the world

STREPH. Methinks I see her on the plain
All glorious, all incomparably bright !
While the immortal minds around her gaze
On the excessive splendour of her rays,
And scarce believe a human soul could be
Endow'd with such stupendous majesty.

Cos. Who can lament too much ? O !
mourn

Enough o'er beautiful Celestia's urn ?
So great a loss as this deserves excess
Of sorrow ; all's too little that is less.
But to supply the universal woe,
Tears from all eyes, without cessation,
All that have pow'r to weep, or voice to
With throbbing breasts Celestia's fate !
While marble rocks the common griefs
— these cries they cannot

ful cypress, with each noxious weed,
 al venoms in their place succeed.
 quer'lous brooks ! o'ercharg'd with grief,
 ly to the sea for more relief ; 175
 g back, each to his sacred head,
 stonish'd springs Celestia's dead !
 ell have you sung, in an exalted strain,
 nymph e'er grac'd the British plain.
 s but some officious angel may 180
 ful numbers to her ears convey,
 ay smile upon us from above,
 our mournful plains with peace and love ?
 . But see ! our flocks do to their folds repair,
 with sable clouds, obscures the air ; 185
 s descend from the unwholesome sky,
 ' bids us to our cottage fly.
 each morn our sorrows will return,
 ike nightingales, we'll sing and mourn, }
 conveys us to the peaceful urn. 190 }

WITH THE COUNTESS OF

TRIUMPHANT beauty never looks so gay
As on the morning of a nuptial day ;
Love then within a larger circle moves,
New graces adds, and ev'ry charm improves.
While Hymen does his sacred rites prepare,
The busy nymphs attend the trembling fair,
Whose veins are swell'd with an unusual heat,
And eager pulses with strange motions beat ;
Alternate passions various thoughts impart,
And painful joys distend her throbbing heart ;
Her fears are great, and her desires are strong ;
'The minutes fly too fast—yet stay too long :
Now she is ready—the next moment not ;
All things are done—then something is forgot
She fears—yet wishes the strange work were d
Delays—yet is impatient to be gone.
Disorders thus from ev'ry thought arise ;

but desires

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF A—, &c. 5

By just degrees 't to perfection grew, 2
 An early ripeness, and a lasting too.
 So the bright sun ascending to his noon
 Moves not too slowly, nor is there too soon.

But tho' Achates was unkindly driv'n
 From his own land, he's banish'd into heav'n; 3
 For sure the raptures of Cosmelia's love
 Are next, if only next, to those above.
 Thus pow'r divine does with his foes engage,
 Rewards his virtues, and defeats their rage;
 For first it did to fair Cosmelia give 3
 All that a human creature could receive;
 Whate'er can raise our wonder or delight,
 Transport the soul, or gratify the sight,
 Then, in the full perfection of her charms,
 Lodg'd the bright virgin in Achates' arms. 4

What angels are is in Cosmelia seen,
 Their awful glories, and their godlike mien;
 For in her aspect all the graces meet,
 All that is noble, beautiful, or sweet;
 There ev'ry charm in lofty triumph sits, 4
 Scorns poor defect, and to no fault submits;
 There symmetry, complexion, air, unite,
 Sublimely noble, and amazing bright.
 So, newly finish'd, by the hand divine,
 Before her fall, did the first woman shine : 5
 But Eve in one great point she does excel;
 Cosmelia never err'd at all; she fell:
 From her temptation, in despair, withdrew,
 Nor more assaults whom it could ne'er subduc

So gaily modest, and so freely wise.

Her judgment sure, impartial, and refin'd
With wit that's clear and penetrating join'd,
O'er all the efforts of her mind presides,
And to the noblest end her labours guides :
She knows the best, and does the best pursu
And treads the maze of life without a clue ;
That the weak only and the wav'ring lack,
When they're mistaken, to conduct 'em back
She does, amidst ten thousand ways, prefer
The right, as if not capable to err.

Her fancy, strong, vivacious and sublime
Seldom betrays her converse to a crime,
And tho' it moves with a luxuriant heat,
'Tis ne'er precipitous, but always great ;
For each expression, ev'ry teeming thought,
Is to the scanning of her judgment brought,
Which wisely separates the finest gold,

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF A—, &c. 57

That what she speaks does to the soul transmit 8
The fair ideas of delightful wit.

Illustrious born, and as illustrious bred,
By great example to wise actions led,
Much to the fame her lineal heroes bore
She owes, but to her own high genius more ; 9
And by a noble emulation mov'd,
Excell'd their virtues, and her own improv'd,
Till they arriv'd to that celestial height,
Scarce angels greater be, or saints so bright.

But if Cosmelia could yet lovelier be, 95 }
Of nobler birth, or more a deity,
Achates merits her, tho' none but he, }
Whose gen'rous soul abhors a base disguise,
Resolv'd in action, and in council wise ;
Too well confirm'd and fortify'd within 100
For threats to force, or flattery to win ;
Unmov'd amidst the hurricane he stood ;
He dare be guiltless, and he will be good.

Since the first pair in Paradise were join'd,
Two hearts were ne'er so happily combin'd. 105
Achates life to fair Cosmelia gives ;
In fair Cosmelia great Achates lives :
Each is to other the divinest bliss ;
He is her heav'n, and she is more than his.
Oh ! may the kindest influence above

love! 111

DIANA OXONII ET ELGINI C

Quæ

Illustri orta sanguine, sanguine

Ceciliorem meritis, clara, suis

Ut quæ nesciret minor esse :

Vitam ineuntem innocer

Procedentem ampla virtutum

Exeuntem mors beatissima

(Volente Numine)

Ut nuspiam deesset aut virtus

Duobus conjuncta mar

Utrique charissima

Primum

(Quem ad annum hab

Impense dilexit :

Secundum

(Quem ad annos viginti q



INSCRIPTION ENGLISHED. 59

amulitii adeo mitem prudentemque curam gessit,
Ut non tam Domina familie præessee,
Quam anima corpori inesse videretur. 25
Denique,
Cum pudico, humili, forti, sancto animo,
Virginibus, conjugibus, viduis, omnibus,
Exemplum consecrasset integerrimum,
Erris anima major, ad similes evolavit superos. 30

THE FOREGOING INSCRIPTION

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

DIANA COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ELGIN,

Who from a race of noble heroes came,
And added lustre to its ancient fame ;
Around her the virtues of the Cecils shone,
Not with inferior brightness to her own,
Which she refin'd to that sublime degree, 5
The greatest mortal could not greater be.
Each stage of life peculiar splendor had ;
Her tender years with innocence were clad ;
Her maturer grown, whatever was brave and good
In the retinue of her virtues stood ; 10
And at the final period of her breath,
She crown'd her life with a propitious death.
That no occasion might be wanting here
To make her virtues fam'd or joys sincere,
Two noble lords her genial bed possess, 15
A wife to both the dearest and the best :

Dying, as to a son, left all she had.
When a stepmother, she soon soar'd
The common height ev'n of materna
She did her num'rous family comma
With such a tender care, so wise a
She seem'd no otherwise a mistress t
Than godlike souls in human bodie
But when to all she had example she
How to be great and humble, chaste
Her soul, for earth too excellent, toc
Flew to its peers, the princes of the s

**ELEAZAR'S LAMENTATION
OVER JERUSALEM.**

PARAPHRASED OUT OF JOSEPHUS.

I.

ALAS ! Jerusalem ! alas ! where's now
Thy pristine glory, thy unmatch'd renown,
To which the heathen monarchies did bow ?
Ah ! hapless, miserable town !
Where's all thy majesty, thy beauty, gone ? 5
Thou once most noble, celebrated place,
The joy and the delight of all the earth,
Who gav'st to godlike princes birth,
And bred up heroes, an immortal race,
Where's now the vast magnificence which made 10
The souls of foreigners adore
Thy wond'rous brightness, which no more
Shall shine, but lie in an eternal shade ?
Oh ! misery ! where's all her mighty state,
Her splendid train of num'rous kings, 15
Her noble edifices, noble things,
Which made her seem so eminently great,
That barb'rous princes in her gates appear'd,
And wealthy presents, as their tribute, brought
To court her friendship ? for her strength they fear'd,
And all her wide protection sought. 21
But now, ah ! now they laugh and cry,
" See how her lofty buildings lie !
" See how her flaming turrets gild the sky ! "

N, &c.

and the ga
day
day ?
in far
bills of war
terrors vic

r subdu'd,

nal King,
f Hosts,
did bring
asts ?
'd

ce grac'd
ortal cam
a-year

ear ;



ELEAZAR'S LAMENTATION, &c.

63

In thee was the bright throne of Justice fix'd,
Justice impartial, and with fraud unmix'd.
She scorn'd the beauties of fallacious gold,
Despising the most wealthy bribes,
But did the sacred balance hold
With godlike faith to all our happy tribes.
Thy well-built streets, and ev'ry noble square,
Were once with polished marble laid,
And all thy lofty bulwarks made
With wond'rous labour and with artful care.
Thy pond'rous gates, surprising to behold,
Were cover'd o'er with solid gold,
Whose splendour did so glorious appear,
It ravish'd and amaz'd the eye,
And strangers passing, to themselves would cry
"What mighty heaps of wealth are here !
"How thick the bars of massy silver lie !
"O happy people ! and still happy be,
"Celestial city ! from destruction free,
"May'st thou enjoy a long entire prosperity

IV.

But now, O ! wretched, wretched place !
Thy streets and palaces are spread
With heaps of carcases, and mountain
dead,
The bleeding relics of the Jewish race :
Each corner of the town, no vacant space
But is with breathless bodies fill'd,
By the sword and some by famine
together laid :

F

The fair, the good, the brave, no more
Those that from far, with joyful haste
Came to attend thy festival,
Of the same bitter poison taste,
And by the black destructive poison
For the avenging sentence pass'd :—
Oh ! see how the delight of human
In horrid desolation lies !
See how the burning ruins flame,
Nothing now left but a sad empty name
And the triumphant victor cries,
“ This was the fam'd Jerusalem ! ”

V.

The most obdurate creature must
Be griev'd to see thy palaces in dust
Those ancient habitations of the just
And could the marble rocks but know
The mis'ries of thy fatal overthrow,
They would have wept for thee as now.

SESAZAR'S LAMENTATION, &c. 83

Now these ancient men who rul'd thy state
 Made thee happy, made thee great, 110
 Sat upon the awful chair
 Mighty Moses, in long scarlet clad,
 Good to cherish and chastise the bad,
 Sit in the corrupted air,
 Lent melancholy, and in sad despair ! 115
 Now their murder'd children round 'em lie !
 Dismal scene ! hark, how they cry !
 Woe ! woe ! one beam of mercy give,
 Good Heav'n ! Alas ! for we would live !
 Be pitiful, and suffer us to die !" 120
 As they lament, thus beg for ease,
 While in their feeble aged arms they hold
 The bodies of their offspring stiff and cold,
 Guard 'em from the rav'nous savages,
 From their increasing sorrows Death persuade 125
 Or death must sure with pity see
 The horrid desolation he has made)
 Put a period to their misery.
 O wretched daughters that survive
 By the Heathen kept alive 130
 Fly to gratify their lust,
 And then be mixed with the common dust.
 O insupportable, stupendous woe !
 What shall we do ? ah ! whither shall we go ?
 Down to the grave, down to those happy shades
 Below,
 Where all our brave progenitors are blest 136
 With endless triumph and eternal rest.

In ashes, and not be in pain to die ?
Unhappy, dear Jerusalem ! thy woes
Have rais'd my griefs to such a vast
Their mighty weight no mortal know
Thought cannot comprehend, or wo
Nor can they possibly, while I survive
Good Heav'n had been extremely kind
If it had struck me dead, or struck
Before this cursed time, this worst of
Is Death quite tir'd ? are all his arrows
If not, why then so many dull delays
Quick, quick, let the obliging dart
Nay, at me only let ten thousand fly
Who'er shall wretchedly survive, till
May, happily, be sure to die.
Yet still we live, live in excess of pain
Our friends and relatives are slain ;
Nothing but ruins round us see,

VII.

resolve, nor tremble at the thought ; 165
 e too dearly bought ?
 Almighty wisdom has decreed
 d all our progeny should bleed,
 fter such a noble way,
 ages will with wonder view 170
 despair compell'd us to :
 ne'er survive another day.
 your wives, your children, all
 able, good, or dear,
 hands, and place 'em here ; 175
 unite in one vast funeral.
 r courages are truly brave,
 o any thing but ill :
 l an aged father save,
 y live in chains, and be a slave, 180
 rseless enemies to kill ?
 ld hands then give the fatal blow ;
 any other time would be
 ect of rage and cruelty,
 nderness, and pity, now. 185
 perform'd, we'll to the battle fly,
 amid'st our slaughter'd foes, expire.
 ge and glory you desire,
 ay have them if you dare but die ;
 ev'n freedom and eternity. 190

No sooner born but proves a foe to
For infant Reason is o'erpow'r'd i
The cheats of sense will half our
And preconceptions all our knowl
Reason, 'tis true, should over sen
Correct our notions, and our jud
But false opinions, rooted in the
Hoodwink the soul, and keep our
Reason's a taper which but faintl
A languid flame, that glows and
We see't a little while, and but a
We travel by its light, as men by
But quickly dying, it forsakes us
Like morning-stars, that never set

The soul can scarce above the l
And all we see is with corporeal
Life now does scarce one glimpse
We mourn in darkness, and despa

projected from the eastern skies
 a false day before the sun can rise.
 little knowledge now which man obtains,
 toward objects and from sense he gains : 30
 a wretched slave, must plod and sweat,
 must toil, by night that toil repeat ;
 at last what little fruit he gains !
 his harvest, glean'd with mighty pains,
 passions still predominant will rule, 35
 mix'd rule, not bred in Reason's school ;
 derstanding they with darkness fill,
 strong corruptions, and pervert the will :
 as the soul, as on some flowing tide,
 it, and on the raging billows ride, 40
 away ; for how can be withstood
 petuous torrent of the boiling blood ?
 false hopes ! for all our learning's vain ;
 be free where these the rule maintain ?
 are the tools of knowledge which we use : 45
 spirits heated will strange things produce.
 who e'er the passions could control,
 as the body disengage the soul :
 as is done our best pursuits are vain
 quer truth, and unmix'd knowledge gain.
 all the bulky volumes of the dead, 51
 nor those books that modern times have bred,
 ain we travel, as thro' moorish ground,
 scarce one useful plant is ever found ;
 n with errors, which so thick appear, 55
 arch proves vain, no spark of truth is there.

Who travels Scotus' sweating wit
A cloud of darkness rising on the wit
In controverted points can reason sit
When passion or conceit still hurries
Thus his new notions Sherlock wot
And clear the greatest mysteries at
But by unlucky wit perplex'd them
And made them darker than they wot
South soon oppos'd him, out of Ch.
Shewing how well he could dispute
How shall we e'er discover which
When both so eagerly maintain th
Each does the other's arguments d
Each has the Church and Scripture
The sharp ill-natur'd combat's but
Both may be wrong ; one, perhaps
How shall we know which Article
The Old ones of the church, or B
That uncertain and unsafe he

an writes a different bill,
 other reason, but his will.
 ist your art, ye impious race !
 xt alkalies and acids cease,
 —ll with Colbatch be at peace. }
 Radcliffe do but rarely guess ; 91
 ve good, to-morrow no success.
 nd Maurus * sometimes shall prevail,
 a, learned Hannes, and Tyson, fail.
 han once, we've seen that blund'ring
 , 95
 gout, by chance has hit the stone ;
 loes the lucky error find ;
 rks, tho' not the cure design'd.
 he world's great idol, we adore,
 g this, we seek to know no more. 100
 ion did at first receive,
 ge confirms us to believe :
 nurse and priest are all we need,
 ions and our country's creed :
 precepts early are instill'd, 105
 e man, while they instruct the child.
 l fate is human-kind betray'd,
 nplicit faith's a virtue made,
 ion more than truth prevails,
 is current but what custom seals ? 110
 etime we first began to know
 learn, but not the wiser grow.w,

* *Sir Richard Blackmore.*

And if some men

Our unexamin'd principles may pass
Good Heav'ns ! that man should th
To learn on credit, and on trust bel
Better the mind no notions had reta
But still a fair unwritten blank rema
For now, who truth from falsehood
Must first disrobe the mind, and all
Errors contracted in unmindful you
When once remov'd, will smooth t
To dispossess the child the mortal
But death approaches ere the man a

Those who would learning's gl
The dear bought purchase of the tr
From many dangers must themsel
And more than Scylla and Charyb
Oh ! what an ocean must be voya
To gain a prospect of the shining
Resisting rocks oppose th' inquiri

and it is so th

ne rev'rend sage, with vast esteem, we prize;
 : liv'd long since, and must be wondrous wise.
 us are we debtors to the famous dead 145
 or all those errors which their fancies bred :
 rors indeed ! for real knowledge stay'd
 'ith those first times, nor farther was convey'd,
 'hile light opinions are much lower brought,
 or on the waves of ignorance they float ; 150
 ut solid truth scarce ever gains the shore,
 o soon it sinks, and ne'er emerges more.

Suppose those many dreadful dangers past,
 'ill knowledge dawn, and bless the mind at last ?
 h ! no ; 'tis now environ'd from our eyes, 155
 ides all its charms, and undiscover'd lies.
 ruth, like a single point, escapes the sight,
 nd claims attention to perceive it right :
 ut what resembles truth is soon describ'd,
 read like a surface and expanded wide. 160
 he first man rarely, very rarely, finds
 he tedious search of long inquiring minds :
 ut yet what's worse, we know not when we err ;
 /hat mark does truth, what bright distinction, bear ?
 ow do we know that what we know is true ? 165
 ow shall we falsehood fly, and truth pursue ?
 et none then here his certain knowledge boast,
 'tis all but probability at most :
 'his is the easy purchase of the mind,
 'he vulgar's treasure, which we soon may find : 170
 ut truth lies hid, and ere we can explore
 'he glitt'ring gem, our fleeting life is o'er.

A PROSPECT OF

A PINDARIC ES

-----Sed omnes una manet nox,
Et calcanda semel via lethi.

I.

SINCE we can die but once, an
Our state no alteration knows,
But when we have resign'd our
Th' immortal spirit goes
To endless joys or everlasting v
Wise is the man who labours to
That mighty and important stal
And by all methods strives to m
His passage safe and his receptic

lkes us tremble, and creates
 apprehensions in the mind,
 with restless doubts and wild debates
 ing what we living cannot find. 20
 ow what death is but the dead,
 re we all, by nature, dying dread,
 ange doubtful way we know not how to tread.

II.

o the margin of the grave we come,
 ource have one black painful hour to live, 25
 is, no prospect, of a kind reprieve
 our speedy passage to the tomb,
 oving and how mournful is the sight !
 ondrous pitiful, how wondrous sad !
 then is refuge, where is comfort, to be had
 ark minutes of the dreadful night 31
 our drooping souls for their amazing flight?
 und languishing in bed we lie,
 ing to recover, void of rest,
 g for death, and yet afraid to die ; 35
 and doubts distract our breast,
 ighty agonies and mighty pains oppress.

III.

e is moisten'd with a clammy sweat,
 id irregular the pulses beat ;
 od unactive grows, 40
 ickens as it flows,
 d of all its vigour, all its vital heat :
 ng eyes roll heavily about,
 ght just going out,

I know their demands are great, and their power
The tongue's unable to declare
The pains and griefs, the miseries, we
How insupportable our torments are.
Music no more delights our deaf'ning
Restores our joys, or dissipates our fears
But all is melancholy, all is sad,
In robes of deepest mourning clad ;
For ev'ry faculty and ev'ry sense
Partakes the woe of this dire exigence.

IV.

Then we are sensible, too late,
'Tis no advantage to be rich or great ;
For all the fulsome pride and pageantry
No consolation brings ;
Riches and honours then are useless things
Tasteless or bitter all,
And, like the book which the Apostle

'k antichamber of the grave
 ould we give (ev'n all we have,
 ur care and industry hath gain'd, 75
 ur policy, our fraud, our art, obtain'd)
 recall those fatal hours again
 : consum'd in senseless vanities,
 : follies, or luxurious ease ;
 hey urge our terrors and increase our pain.

V.

ls and relatives stand weeping by, 81
 in tears, to see us die,
 ge into the deep abyss of wide eternity.
 ey mourn, in vain they grieve,
 ows cannot ours relieve : 85
 our deplorable estate ;
 alas ! can pity do
 the decrees of Fate ?
 e sentence is irrevocable too.
 ndeavours to preserve our breath, 90
 do unsuccessful prove,
 ow much, how tenderly they love,
 : cut off the entail of death.
 they look, and crowd about our bed ;
 officious haste, 95
 a cordial we want sense to taste ;
 oftly raises up our head ;
 away the sweat ; that, sighing, cries,
 convulsions, what strong agonies,
 il and body undergo ! 100
 s no intermission know,
 ' *gasp of air he draws returns in sighs.*"

“ Adieu, my child ! now I must fall
Then weeps, and gently lays it down
Our sons, who in their tender years
Were objects of our cares and of our
Come trembling to our bed, and, kne
“ Bless us, O Father ! now before yo
“ Bless us, and be you bless'd to all
Our friend, whom equal to ourselves
Compassionate and kind,
Cries, “ Will you leave me here behi
“ Without me fly to the bless'd seats
“ Without me, did I say ? ah ! no ;
“ Without thy friend thou canst not
“ For tho' thou leav'st me grov'ling
“ My soul with thee shall upward fly
“ And bear thy spirit company
“ Thro' the bright passage of the yie
“ Ev'n death, that parts thee from the

A PROSPECT OF DEATH. 79

VII.

unable longer to maintain
 ss and unequal strife,
 weak endeavours vain 135
 e counterscarp of life,
 grees retires towards the heart,
 es that little fort
 ie kind artilleries of art,
 ions guarding ev'ry port ; 140
 whose arms no mortal can repel,
 iege disdains to lay,
 is fierce battalions to the fray,
 inute storms the feeble citadel.
 we may capitulate, and he 145
 make a solid peace;
 sham, all artifice,
 ay negligent and careless be ;
 urmies are withdrawn to-day,
 lieve no danger near, 150
 eaceable and all is clear,
 eturn some unsuspected way ;
 he soft embrace of Sleep we lie,
 murd'ers stab us, and we die.

VIII.

rst parents' fall 155
 eath descends on all,
 one of human race can miss ;
 ich makes it sweet or bitter is
 f misery, or certain hopes of bliss :

Confin'd in hell with everlasting chai
Infernal spirits hover in the air,
Like rav'nous wolves, to seize upon
And hurry the departed souls away
To the dark receptacles of despair,
Where they must dwell till that treme
When the loud trump shall call them
Before a Judge most terrible and most
By whose just sentence they must go
To everlasting pains and endless woe

IX.

But the good man, whose soul is pur
Unspotted, regular, and free
From all the ugly stains of lust and v
Of mercy and of pardon sure,
Looks thro' the darkness of the gloom
And sees the dawning of a glorious

A PROSPECT OF DEATH.

81

his thoughts with wild despair,
 all within, and all without is fair.
 , his charity, his virtues, press 290
 for mercy when he wants it most ;
 all the happy number's lost,
 bright advocates ne'er want success :
 his soul's releas'd from dull mortality,
 up in triumph thro' the sky, 295
 's united to a glorious throng
 who, with a celestial song,
 to her conquest as she flies along.

X.

we, all must quit the stage,
 how soon we cannot know, 200
 early we are sure to go,
 bloom of youth or wither'd age,
 take too sedulous a care
 of that important grand affair,
 which we must remain ; 205
 for our hopes are vain,
 for peace with Heav'n, or to return again.
 on who no better understood
 the light of Nature taught, declar'd
 misery could be prepar'd 210
 ere, the merciful, the good ;
 was a state of rest,
 with the same happiness be blest
 mortal gods, if gods there were, possess.

Can never stop
Their way to everlasting bliss ;
But from a world of misery and care
To mansions of eternal ease repair,
Where joy in full perfection flows,
And in an endless circle move
Thro' the vast round of beatific love
Which no cessation knows.

ON THE
GENERAL CONFLAGRATION,
AND
ENSUING JUDGMENT.
A PINDARIC ESSAY.

Esse quoque in fatis, reminiscitur, affore tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaue regia coeli
Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laboret

OID. MET.

I.

Now the black days of universal doom,
Which wondrous prophesies foretold, are come :
What strong convulsions, what stupendous woe,
Must sinking Nature undergo,
Amidst the dreadful wreck and final overthrow ! 5
Methinks I hear her, conscious of her fate,
With fearful groans and hideous cries
Fill the presaging skies,
Unable to support the weight
Or of the present or approaching miseries. 10
Methinks I hear her summon all
Her guilty offspring, raving with despair,
And trembling, cry aloud, " Prepare,
" Ye sublunary Pow'rs ! t'attend my funeral."

II.

See ! see the tragical portents, 15
Those dismal harbingers of dire events,
Loud thunders roar, and darting lightnings fly
Thro' the dark *concave* of the troubled sky ;
The fiery ravage is begun, the end is nigh.

To light dissolving
 And, scatt'ring round their pestilence
 Strike the affrighted nations with a wild
 Vast sheets of flame and globes of fire,
 By an impetuous wind, are driven
 Thro' all th' regions of th' inferior hea
 Till hid in sulph'rous smoke they seemi

III.

Sad and amazing 'tis to see
 What mad confusion rages over all
 This scorching ball !
 No country is exempt, no nation free,
 But each partakes the epidemic miser
 What dismal havoc of mankind is it
 By wars, and pestilence, and dearth,
 Thro' the whole mournful earth,
 Which with a murd'ring fury they
 Forsook by Providence and all pr
 loose, their utmo

CONFLAGRATION, &c. 25

some aloud implore
I'd before ; 30
with their woe,
despair, they undergo)
e the pow'r they should adore :
p with drought, her jaws extends,
a dreadful tomb,
itude at once descends 55
her burning womb.

V.

slips abscond their aged heads
of infernal smoke,
air bellowing caverns broke,
whole nations where it spreads. 60
ire within divides
ers of those secret chains
gether their prodigious sides,
shatter'd rocks o'er all the plains,
and cities, ev'ry thing below, 65
'd with the same burst of woe.

VI.

descend from the malignant sky
burning of the thirsty field ;
leaves, no grass the meadows, yield, 70
arren, all is dry.
ivulets no more
streams their tribute pay,
ebbing ocean they, H

Increases still the scalding calenture,
Which neither earth, nor air, nor wate

VII.

The sun, by sympathy, concern'd
At those convulsions, pangs, and ag
Which on the whole creation seize,
Is to substantial darkness turn'd.

The neighb'ring moon, as if a purple
O'erflow'd her tott'ring orb, appears
Like a huge mass of black corruptin
For she herself a dissolution fears.

The larger planets, which once shon
With the reflected rays of borrow'd
Shook from their centre, without m
Unwieldy globes of solid night,
And ruinous lumber of the sky.

VIII.

Amidst this dreadful hurricane of w
Of fire, of storm, of human and de

THE GENERAL CONFLAGRATION, &c. 87

like, ye dead ! awake ! he cries ;
all must come)
that had human breath, arise,
hear your last unalterable doom ! 105

IX.

his the ghastly tyrant, who had sway'd
many thousand ages uncontroll'd,
longer could his sceptre hold,
gave up all, and was himself a captive made.
scatter'd particles of human clay, 110
rich in the silent grave's dark chambers lay,
sume their pristine forms again,
I now from mortal grow immortal men.
endous energy of sacred pow'r !
rich can collect, wherever cast, 115
smallest atoms, and that shape restore
rich they had worn so many years before,
t thro' strange accidents and num'rous changes
past.

X.

how the joyful angels fly
n ev'ry quarter of the sky, 120
gather, and to convoy all
pious sons of human race
one capacious place,
we the confines of this flaming ball.
with what tenderness and love they bear 125
se righteous souls thro' the tumultuous air,
ilst the ungodly stand below,
ing *with shame*, confusion, and despair,

And roar aloud with execrable blasphemy

XI.

Hark ! how the daring sons of Infamy
Who once dissolv'd in pleasures lay,
And laugh'd at this tremendous day,
To rocks and mountains now to hide
But rocks and mountains all in ashes
Their shame's so mighty, and to stro
That, rather than appear
Before a God incens'd, they would be
Amongst the burning ruins of the w
And lie conceal'd, if possible, for ev
Time was they would not own a Deit
Nor after death a future state ;
But now, by sad experience, find too
There is, and terrible to that degree,
That rather than behold his face they
And sure 'tis better, if Heav'n woul

THE GENERAL CONFLAGRATION, &c. 89

him the bright ethereal armies fly,
and triumphant hallelujahs sing,
songs of praise, and hymns of victory, 160
for celestial King;
glory, pow'r, dominion, majesty,
, and for everlasting ages, be
the essential One and co-eternal Three!
In that world, as 'tis decreed, 165
He saw the God incarnate bleed!
He, by thy almighty vengeance, those
durst thy person or thy laws expose;
curs'd refuse of mankind, and hell's proud seed.
to the unbelieving nations show 170
part a God from all eternity;
 titular, or but by office so;
let 'em the mysterious union see
human nature with the Deity."

XIII.

mighty transports, yet with awful fears, 175
and behold this glorious sight;
God in all his majesty appears,
O, amazing bright,
sated on a throne of everlasting light.
the tribunal, next to the most High, 180
and discipline and order, stand
rulers and princes of the sky,
excel in glory or command.
the right hand that illustrious crowd,
white bosom of a shining cloud, 185

And now that God they did to death
For whom such torments and such pains they
Returns to place them on those thrones al
Where, undisturb'd, uncloy'd, they will
Divine substantial happiness,
Unbounded as his pow'r, and lasting as his

XIV.

“ Go, bring,” the Judge impartial,
cries,

“ Those rebel sons who did my laws de
“ Whom neither threats nor promises cou
“ Not all my sufferings, nor all my love
“ To save themselves from everlasting mis
At this ten millions of archangels flew
Swifter than lightning, or the swiftest th
And less than in an instant brought
The wretched, curs'd, infernal crew ;
Who with distorted aspects, come
To hear their sad intolerable doom.

ON THE GENERAL CONFLAGRATION, &c. 91

And we must go into a gulf of fire,
(For who can with Omnipotence contend ?)
Grant, for thou art a God, it may at last expire,
And all our tortures have an end. 215
Eternal burnings, O ! we cannot bear,
Tho' now our bodies too immortal are.
Let 'em be pungent to the last degree ;
And let our pains innumerable be ;
But let 'em not extend to all eternity !" 220

XV.

o ! now there does no place remain
or penitence and tears, but all
must by their actions stand or fall ;
No hope for pity is in vain ;
The die is cast, and not to be recall'd again. 225
Two mighty books are by two angels brought :
In this, impartially recorded, stands
The law of Nature, and divine commands ;
In that, each action, word, and thought,
Whatever was said in secret, or in secret wrought. 230
Then first the virtuous and the good,
Who all the fury of temptation stood,
And bravely pass'd thro' ignominy, chains, and blood,
Attended by their guardian angels, come
To the tremendous bar of final doom. 235
In vain the grand Accuser, railing, brings
A long indictment of enormous things,
Whose guilt wip'd off by penitential tears,
And their Redeemer's blood and agonies,
No more to their astonishment appears, 240
but in the secret womb of dark Oblivion lies.

Despis'd and hated by me;
" Come to your Saviour's and your G
" Ascend, and those bright diadems
" For you by my eternal Father ma
" Ere the foundation of the world w
" And that surprising happiness,
" Immense as my own Godhead, and w
" For when I languishing in prison
" Naked, and starv'd almost for war
" You did your kindly visits pay,
" Both cloth'd my body, and my h
" Weary'd with sickness, or oppres
" Your hand was always ready to s
" Whene'er I wanted, you were alw
" To share my sorrows or to give
" In all distress so tender was your
" I could no anxious trouble bear ;
" No black misfortune or vexatious
" But you were still impatient to r

GENERAL CONFLAGRATION, &c. 93

XVII.

the architects divine on high
ble thrones of glory raise, 270
they, in appointed order, place
an coheirs of eternity,
united hymns the God incarnate praise :
holy, holy Lord,
God, almighty One, 275
for ever, and be thou alone,
thy creatures constantly ador'd!
le coequal Three,
om nonentity gave birth
els and to men, to heav'n and to earth, 280
ays wast thyself, and wilt for ever be!
thy mercy we had ne'er possess
thrones, and this immense felicity,
ne'er have been so infinitely blest :
ore all glory, pow'r, dominion, majesty,
e, O Lamb of God ! to thee 286
r, longer than for ever, be !"

XVIII.

incarnate Godhead turns his face
upon the left, and cries,
y vengeance flashing in his eyes) 290
ious, unbelieving race !
se eternal torments go,
d for those rebellious sons of light,
ing darkness and in flaming night,
shall no limit or cessation know, 295
ays are extreme, and always will be so."

THE vast abyss of endless woes ;
Whilst with their God the righteous
In glorious triumph passing thro' th
To joys immense, and everlasting ex

DIES NOVISSIMA :

OR,

THE LAST EPIPHANY.

A FINDARIC ODE.

On Christ's second appearance to judge the world.

I.

ADIEU, ye toyish reeds ! that once could please
My softer lips, and lull my cares to ease ;
Be gone ; I'll waste no more vain hours with you ;
And smiling Sylvia too, adieu ;
A brighter pow'r invokes my Muse, 5
And loftier thoughts and raptures does infuse.
See ! beck'ning from yon' cloud, he stands,
And promises assistance with his hands.
I feel the heavy rolling God,
Incumbent, revel in his frail abode. 10
How my breast heaves and pulses beat !
I sink, I sink, beneath the furious heat ;
The weighty bliss o'erwhelms my breast,
And overflowing joys profusely waste.
Some nobler bard, O sacred Pow'r ! inspire, 15
Or soul more large, th' elapses to receive ;
And, brighter yet, to catch the fire,
And each gay following charm from death to save !
—In vain the suit—the God inflames my breast ;
I rave, with ecstasies opprest ; 20
I rise, the mountains lessen and retire ;
And now I mix, unsing'd, with elemental fire ;

At last the pest flew off, and thus
" Say, sacred Guide ! shall this
" Survive the fatal test of time,
" Or perish with our mortal glori
" When yon' sun no longer shin
Straight I finish'd—veiling low :
The visionary Pow'r rejoins,
" 'Tis not for you to ask, nor r
" The niceties of that tremendou
" Know, when o'erjaded Time hit
" And finish'd are the radiant jo
" The great decisive morn shall r
" And heav'n's bright Judge appe
" Eternal grace and justice he'll
" On all the trembling world bel

III.

He said ; I mus'd ; and thus re
" What ensigns, courteous stran

THE LAST EPIPHANY.

97

ev'd they lay in fulsome ease,
 revell'd in luxuriant peace;
 Bacchanals they did their hours consume,
 Bacchanals led on their swift advancing doom.

IV.

It's rate christe already rise, 55
 dare t'assuage the angry skies;
 tic throngs their Saviour's blood deny,
 from the cross, alas! he does neglected sigh;
 antichristian pow'r has rais'd his hydra head,
 ruin, only less than Jesus' health, does spread.
 ng the gore thro' poison'd veins has flow'd, 61
 t scarcely ranker is a Fury's blood;
 specious artifice and fair disguise
 monster's shape and curs'd design belies:
 end's black venom in an angel's mien 65
 puffs, and scatters the contagious spleen;
 ght, when he finishes his lawless reign,
 ire shall paint the shining scene,
 :k as the lightning which inspires the train.

V.

ward confusion shall provoke the fray, 70
 l Nature from her ancient order stray;
 k tempests, gath'ring from the seas around,
 orrid ranges shall advance;
 las they march, in thickest sables drown'd,
 rival thunder from the clouds shall sound, 75
 l lightnings join the fearful dance:
 :blust'ring armies o'er the skies shall spread,
 l universal terror shed;

“ And melting worlds to heaps or :
“ The forests shall beneath the tem
“ And rugged wings the nodding c

VI.

“ Reverse all Nature’s web shall run
“ And spotless misrule all around
“ Order, its flying foe, confound,
“ Whilst backward all the threads sha
“ Triumphant Chaos, with his obliq
“ (The wand with which, ere time l
“ His wand’ring slaves he did com
“ And made ’em scamper right, and
“ The hostile harmony shall chace,
“ And as the nymph resigns her p
“ And, panting, to the neighb’ring
“ The formless ruffian slaughters w
“ And following, storms the perchin
“ Adding the terror of his threat ;
“ All shall finely tremble n

- ‘ No frail eclipse, but all essential shade,
 ‘ Not yielding to primeval gloom,
 ‘ Whilst day was yet an embryo in the womb ; 109
 ‘ Nor glimmering in its source with silver streamers
 ‘ A jetty mixture of the darkness spread [play’d,
 ‘ O’er murm’ring Egypt’s head ;
 ‘ And that which angels drew
 ‘ O’er Nature’s face when Jesus dy’d,
 ‘ Which sleeping ghosts for this mistook, 115
 ‘ And rising, off their hanging fun’rals shook,
 ‘ And fleeting pass’d, expos’d their bloodless breasts
 to view,
 ‘ Yet find it not so dark, and to their dormitories glide.

VIII.

- ‘ Now bolder fires appear,
 ‘ And o’er the palpable obscurement sport, 120
 ‘ Glaring and gay as falling Lucifer, [court,
 ‘ Yet mark’d with fate, as when he fled th’ ethereal
 ‘ And plung’d into the op’ning gulf of night :
 ‘ A sabre of immortal flame I bore, 124
 ‘ And with this arm his flour’shing plume I tore,
 ‘ And straight the fiend retreated from the fight.

IX.

- ‘ Mean-time the lambent prodigies on high,
 ‘ Take gamesome measures in the sky ;
 ‘ Joy’d with his future feast the thunder roars
 ‘ In chorus to th’ enormous harmony, [stores,
 ‘ And halloos to his offspring from sulphureous
 ‘ Applauding how they tilt and how they fly,
 ‘ And their *each nimble* turn and radiant embassy.

“ Which o’er the trembling world
“ Wing’d and blown on by storm
“ They shew the hideous leaps on
“ Of Night, that spreads her ebony
“ And there erects her royal stand
“ In sev’n-fold winding jet her c

XI.

“ The stars next, starting from t
“ In giddy revolutions leap and t
“ Whilst this with double fury g
“ And meditates new wars,
“ And wheels in sportive gyres,
“ Its neighbour shall advance to
“ And while each offers to enlar
“ The gen’ral ruin shall increas
“ And banish all the votaries o
“ No more the stars, with paler
“ Shall tremble o’er the midnigh

XII.

Ist the world burns, and all the orbs below
 Their viperous ruins glow,
 Sink, and, unsupported, leave the skies, [noise:
 Each fall abrupt, and tell their torment in the
 Then see th'almighty Judge, sedate and bright, 165
 H'd in imperial robes of light
 Wings the wind, rough storms the chariot bear,
 Nimbler harbingers before him fly,
 With officious rudeness brush the air;
 As he halts, then doubling in their flight, 170
 Orrid sport with one another vie,
 Leave behind quick-winding tracks of light;
 Urging, to their ranks they close, [compose
 A shiv'ring, lest they start, a sailing caravan

XIII.

The mighty Judge rides in tempestuous state,
 First mighty guards his orders wait: 176
 Waving vestments shine
 Bright as the sun, which lately did its beams resign,
 And burnish'd wreaths of light shall make his
 Form divine.
 His beams of majesty around his temples play,
 In the transcendent gaiety of his face allay: 181
 Father's rev'rend characters he'll wear,
 And both o'erwhelm with light and overawe with
 Myriads of angels shall be there, [fear.
 And I, perhaps, close the tremendous rear: 185
 Angels, the first and fairest sons of day,
 With eternal youth, and as their vestments gay.

“ The nimble ministers of bliss,
“ We shall attend, and save or destroy
“ As he admits to joy, or bids to
XV.

“ The welcome news
“ Thro’ ev’ry angel’s breast fire
“ The day is come
“ When Satan, with his pow’rs, shall
“ No more shall we his hostile train
“ From cloud to cloud, nor the lone
XVI.

“ Then Raphael, big with life, the
“ From falling spheres the joyful rain
“ And seas and shores shall catch
round :
“ Louder he’ll blow, and it shall
“ Than when, from Sinai’s hill
“ In thunder, thro’ the horrid

XVII.

" From its long sleep all human race shall rise, 214

" And see the morn and Judge advancing in the
skies ;

" To their old tenements the souls return,

" Whilst down the steep of heav'n as swift the
Judge descends.

" These look illustrious bright, no more to mourn ;

" Whilst, see ! distracted looks yon' stalking shades
attend.

" The saints no more shall conflict on the deep,

" Nor rugged waves insult the lab'ring ship, 221

" But from the wreck in triumph they arise,

" And borne to bliss shall tread empyreal skies." 223

I. UNITY. ETERNI

WHENCE sprung this glorious f
Things to exist? they could not a
To what stupendous energy
Shall we ascribe the origin of ma
That cause from whence all being
Must self-existent be alone,
Entirely perfect, and but one ;
Nor equal nor superior knows :
Two Firsts, in reason, we can ne'
If that, in false opinion, we allow
That once there absolutely nothing
Then nothing could be now ;
For by what instrument, or how,
Shall nonexistence to existence pas
Thus something must from everla

UPON THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES. 205

from a nobler nature springs,
 Et in essence from material things,
 oughtless matter cannot thought bestow :
 we own a God supreme, 25
 All perfection's possible in him,
 a does boundless excellence reside,
 to create, and providence to guide ;
 de himself, could no beginning have,
 all substance prime existence gave ; 30
 hat he will destroy, and what he pleases save.

II. POWER.

ndesigning hand of giddy Chance
 never fill with globes of light,
 utiful and so amazing bright,
 fry concave of the vast expanse : 35
 could proceed from no less pow'r than infinite.
 s not one atom of this wondrous frame,
 sence intellectual, but took
 nce when the great Creator spoke,
 om the common womb of empty nothing
 came.
 substance be," he cry'd, and straight arose 40
 c and corporeal too ;
 it material nature shows,
 hat does things invisible compose,
 same instant sprung, and into being flew. 45
 to the convex of the highest sphere,
 draws a mighty circle round,
 xrior orbs, as their capacious bound,
millions of new miracles appear ;

Eternal now, not of necessity,
As if they could not cease to be,
Or were from possible destruction free
But on the will of God depend;
For that which could begin can end :
Who when the lower worlds were new
Without the least miscarriage or defect
By the almighty Architect,
United adoration paid,
And with exstatic gratitude his laws .

III.

Philosophy of old in vain essay'd
To tell us how this mighty frame
Into such beauteous order came,
But by false reasonings false foundation
She labour'd hard, but still the more she
The more was wilder'd in the maze of
Sometimes she fancied things to be

UPON THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES. 107

an establish'd article of old, 30
 f the philosophic creed,
 es in natural productions hold,
 om mere nothing nothing could proceed.
 l substance never could have rose
 existence had not been before, 85
 om infinite, immense in pow'r.
 er is made a Maker must suppose,
 effect a cause that could produce it shows.
 and art, indeed, have bounds assign'd,
 ly forms to things, not being, give ; 90
 om Omnipotence they must receive :
 eternal self-existent Mind
 ith a single *fiat*, cause to be
 the wondrous eye surveys,
 it cannot see. 95
 may shape a beauteous tree,
 a noble palace raise,
 st not to creative pow'r aspire ;
 eir God alone can claim,
 existing substance doth require ; 100
 e they nothing find can nothing frame.

IV. WISDOM.

produc'd had still a chaos been,
 ng elements engag'd
 battles would have wag'd,
 ll'd with endless horror the tumultuous
 scene,
 lom infinite, for less 106

A hue so lovely, uniform, and bright
That gilds the morning or adorns the night
To her its eminence and beauty
By her all creatures have their end
Proportion'd to their nature and
To which they steadily advance,
Mov'd by right Reason's high command
Or guided by the secret hand
Of real instinct or imaginary chance
Nothing but men reject her sacred plan
Who from the end of their creation
And deviate into misery ;
As if the liberty to act like fools
Were the chief cause that Heav'n

V. PROVIDENCE

Bold is the wretch, and blasphemer
Who, finite, will attempt to scan
The works of Him that's infinite
And those he cannot comprehend

UPON THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES. 109
 does it with almighty grandeur suit, 135
 be concern'd with our impertinence,
 interpose his pow'r for the defence
 poor mortal or a senseless brute?
 kings could never so successful prove,
 unmolested in their pleasures live, 140
 in honour, ease, and affluence, give,
 like such as Heav'n adore, and virtue love,
 most the care of Providence deserve,
 oppress'd with pain and ignominy starve.
 What reason can the wisest show 145
 For murder does unpunish'd go,
 O Most High, that's just and good,
 Who rules and governs all below,
 yet regards not the loud cries of guiltless
 blood?
 Shall we things unsearchable deny, 150
 Whom our reason cannot tell us why
 Why are allowed or acted by the Deity?
 Equally above the reach of thought
 To comprehend how matter should be brought
 From nothing, as existent be 155
 From all eternity,
 yet that matter is, we feel and see;
 Is it easier to define
 How ligatures the soul and body join,
 How the mem'ry does th' impression take 160
 How things, and to the mind restores 'em back.

not th' Almighty, with immense
rest and govern this capacious all,
How soon would things into confusion fall!
Earthquakes the trembling ground would tear, 165
And blazing comets rule the troubled air;
Wide inundations, with resistless force,
The lower provinces o'erflow,
In spite of all that human strength could do, 170
To stop the raging sea's impetuous course:
Murder and rapine ev'ry place would fill,
And sinking Virtue stoop to prosp'rous ill;
Devouring pestilence rave,
And all that part of nature which has breath
Deliver to the tyranny of death,
And hurry to the dungeons of the grave,
If watchful Providence were not concern'd
To save the brave soldier speak, who oft has bled
In valiant sieges, and fierce battles seen
The brave soldier speak, who oft has bled
In valiant sieges, and fierce battles seen
The brave soldier speak, who oft has bled
In valiant sieges, and fierce battles seen

UPON THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES. 11

, let th' ungrateful sceptic tell us how 19
 As tender infancy protection found,
 And helpless childhood was with safety crown'd,
 If he'll no Providence allow ;
 When he had nothing but his nurse's arms
 To guard him from innumerable fatal harms ; 19
 From childhood how to youth he ran
 Securely, and from thence to man ;
 How, in the strength and vigour of his years,
 The feeble bark of life he saves,
 Amidst the fury of tempestuous waves, 20
 From all the dangers he foresees or fears,
 Yet ev'ry hour 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis steers
 If Providence, which can the seas command,
 Held not the rudder with a steady hand ?

VII. OMNIPRESENCE.

'Tis happy for the sons of men that He 20
 Who all existence out of nothing made
 Supports his creatures by immediate aid ;
 But then this all-intending Deity
 Must omnipresent be :
 For how shall we, by demonstration, show 21
 The Godhead is this moment here,
 If he's not present ev'ry where,
 And always so ?
 What's not perceptible by sense may be
 Ten thousand miles remote from me, 21
 Unless his nature is from limitation free.

NO MORE THAN CAN AN ABSENT FRIEND;
NO MORE IS CAPABLE TO KNOW
How gratefully we make returns,
When the loud music sounds or victor
Than a poor Indian slave of Mexico
If so, 'tis equally in vain
The prosp'rous sings and wretched n
He cannot hear the praise or mitigate
But by what being is confin'd
The Godhead we adore?
He must have equal or superior pow'
If equal only, they each other bind;
So neither's God, if we define him r
For neither's infinite:
But if the other have superior might
Then he we worship can't pretend to
Omnipotent, and free
From all restraint, and so no deity.

Which to suppose, that strange conclusion brings, 24
His essence and his attributes are diff'rent things.

VIII. IMMUTABILITY.

As the supreme omniscient Mind
Is by no boundaries confin'd,
So reason must acknowledge him to be
From possible mutation free ; 25
For what he is he was from all eternity.
Change, whether the effect of force or will,
Must argue imperfection still ;
But imperfection in a deity,
That's absolutely perfect, cannot be. 25
Who can compel, without his own consent,
A God to change, that is omnipotent ?
And ev'ry alteration, without force,
Is for the better or the worse.
He that is infinitely wise 26
To alter for the worse will never chuse ;
That a depravity of nature shews :
And he, in whom all true perfection lies,
Cannot, by change, to greater excellencies rise.
If God be mutable, which way, or how, 26
Shall we demonstrate that will please him now
Which did a thousand years ago ?
And 'tis impossible to know
What he forbids, or what he will allow.
Murder, enchantment, lust, and perjury, 27
Did in the foremost rank of vices stand,
Prohibited by an express command ;
But whether such they still remain to be

We all intolerable hazards run,
When an eternal stake is to be lost

IX. JUSTICE.

Rejoice, ye sons of Piety! and sing
Loud hallelujahs to his glorious na
Who was, and will for ever be, th
Your grateful incense to his templ
That from the smoking altars may
Clouds of perfumes to the imperial
His promises stand firm to you,
And endless joy will be bestow'd,
As sure as that there is a God,
On all who virtue choose, and
pursue.

Nor should we more his menaces
For while he is a deity he must
(As infinitely good) be infinitely
But does it with a gracious Godh

IN THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES. 115

: their estimate from guilt, and grow
 us still, the more they do incense
 to whom all creatures owe
 t reverence; 305
 : that degree they raise
 of the merciful most High,
 o standard to discern it by
 liſtion he on the offender lays :
 endless punishment on all 310
 nted sins must fall,
 he least, can be accounted small.
 is in perfection just, must be
 r all that own a deity :
 equity he cannot swerve, 315
 sinners more than they deserve.
 veal'd is both express and clear :
 d of my Father ! go
 asting woe."
 ng means eternal here, 320
 bsolutely without end,
 hich sense some zealously contend,
 n apply'd to pains, it only means
 l ten thousand ages last,
 and more perhaps, when they are past,
 ernal, in a lit'ral sense : 326
 he pleasures of the just remain
 there's a God exists to reign :
 can give a solid reason why
 eternity, 330

But if there be one attribute divine
With greater lustre than the rest can sh
'Tis goodness, which we ev'ry momer
The Godhead exercise with such deligl
It seems, it only seems, to be
The best-belov'd perfection of the Deit
And more than infinite :
Without that he could never prove
The proper object of our praise or lov
Were he not good, he'd be no more co
To hear the wretched in affliction cry,
Or see the guiltless for the guilty die,
Than Nero, when the flaming city bu
And weeping Romans o'er its ruins r
Eternal justice then would be
But everlasting cruelty ;
Pow'r unrestrain'd almighty violence
And wisdom unconfin'd but craft i
Him that

Insipid tattle, praise and pray'rs,
 Virtue, pretence ; and all the sacred rules 360
 Religion teaches, tricks to cully fools ;
 Justice would strike th'audacious villain dead,
 But mercy boundless saves his guilty head ;
 Gives him protection, and allows him bread.
 Does not the sinner, whom no danger awes, 365
 Without restraint his infamy pursue,
 Rejoice and glory in it too,
 Laugh at the pow'r divine, and ridicule his laws,
 Labour in vice his rivals to excel,
 That when he's dead they may his pupils tell 370
 How wittily the fool was damn'd, how hard he fell ?
 Yet this vile wretch in safety lives,
 Blessings in common with the best receives,
 Tho' he is proud t'affront the God those blessings
 gives.
 The cheerful sun his influence sheds on all, 375
 Has no respect to good or ill ;
 And fruitful show'rs without distinction fall,
 Which fields with corn, with grass the pastures, fill.
 The bounteous hand of Heav'n bestows
 Success and honour many times on those 380
 Who scorn his fav'rites and caress his foes.

XI.

To this good God, whom my advent'rous pen
 Has dared to celebrate
 In lofty Pindar's strain,
 Tho' with unequall'd strength to bear the weight 385
 pond'rous theme, so infinitely great ;

10
Whose breast one spark of gratitude contains
In whom there are the least remains
Of piety or fear,
His tribute brings of joyful sacrifice,
For pardon prays, and for protection flies :
Nay, the inanimate creation give,
By prompt obedience to his word,
Instinctive honour to their Lord,
And shame the thinking world who in re
live.

With heav'n and earth, then, O my soul ! us
And the great God of both adore and bless,
Who gives thee competence, content, and p
The only fountains of sincere delight ;
That from the transitory joys below
Thou, by a happy exit, may'st remove
To those ineffable above,
Which from the vision of the Godhead flow

PISTLESE.

CRUELTY AND LUST.

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY*.

WHERE can the wretched'st of all creatures fly,
tell the story of her misery?
Here, but to faithful Celia, in whose mind
manly brav'ry's with soft pity join'd?
For these lines will scarce be understood, 5
arr'd with incessant tears, and writ in blood:
But if you can the mournful pages read,
The sad relation shews you such a deed
As all the annals of th' infernal reign
all strive to equal or exceed in vain. 10
Neronior's fame, no doubt, has reach'd your ears,
Whose cruelty has caus'd a sea of tears,
Held each lamenting town with fun'ral sighs,
Exploring widows' shrieks and orphans' cries.
For ev'ry health the horrid monster quaff'd 15
When wretches dy'd, and as they dy'd, he laugh'd,
All tir'd with acting devil, he was led,
Drunk with excess of blood and wine, to bed.
O! cursed place!— I can no more command
My pen; shame and confusion shake my hand: 20

* This piece was occasion'd by the barbarity of Kirke, commander in the Western rebellion, 1685, who deceived a young lady, with a promise to save her husband's life, but hanged him the next morning.

My husband, fatally uniting, went,
Unus'd to arms, and thoughtless of th' event :
But when the battle was by treach'ry won,
The chief and all but his false friend undone,
Tho' in the tumult of that desp'rate night
He 'scap'd the dreadful slaughter of the fight,
Yet the sagacious blood-hounds, skill'd too w
In all the murd'ring qualities of hell,
Each secret place so regularly beat,
They soon discover'd his unsafe retreat.
As hungry wolves triumphing o'er their prey,
To sure destruction hurry them away ;
So the purveyors of fierce Moloc's son
With Charion to the common butch'ry run,
Where proud Neronior by his gibbet stood,
To glut himself with fresh supplies of blood.
Our friends, by pow'rful intercession, gain'd
A short reprieve, but for three days obtain'd
All more might to compassion move

" Whose arms to ev'ry clime have terror hurl'd,
 " And carry'd conquest round the trembling world
 " Still may the brightest glories Fame can lead,
 " Your sword, your conduct, and your cause attend
 " Here now the arbiter of Fate you sit, 5
 " While suppliant slaves their rebel heads submit.
 " Oh ! pity the unfortunate, and give
 " But this one thing ; oh ! let but Charion live !
 " And take the little all that we possess ;
 " I'll bear the meagre anguish of distress ; 6
 " Content, nay, pleas'd, to beg or earn my bread,
 " Let Charion live, no matter how I'm fed :
 " The fall of such a youth no lustre brings [things, }
 " To him whose sword performs such wondrous }
 " As saving kingdoms and supporting kings. 65 }
 " That triumph only with true grandeur shines
 " Where godlike courage godlike pity joins.
 " Cæsar, the eldest favourite of War,
 " Took not more pleasure to subdue than spare ;
 " And since in battle you can greater be, 7
 " That over, ben't less merciful than he.
 " Ignoble spirits by revenge are known,
 " And cruel actions spoil the conqu'ror's crown,
 " In future hist'ries fill each mournful page
 " With tales of blood and monuments of rage ; 7
 " And while his annals are with horror read,
 " Men curse him living, and detest him dead,
 " Oh ! do not sully, with a sanguine dye,
 " (The foulest stain) so fair a memory !
 " Then, as you'll live the glory of our isle, 8
 " *And Fate on all your expeditions smile ;*

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" For as none guilty has less guilt than he,
 " So none for pardon has a fairer plea.
 " When David's gen'ral had won the field,
 " And Absalom, the lov'd ungrateful, kill'd, 1
 " The trumpets sounding made all slaughter cease
 " And misled Isr'elites return'd in peace.
 " The action past, where so much blood was spill'd
 " We hear of none arraign'd for that day's guilt,
 " But all concludes with the desir'd event, 12
 " The monarch pardons, and the Jews repent.
 " As great example your high courage warms,
 " And to illustrious deeds excites your arms,
 " So when you instances of mercy view,
 " They should inspire you with compassion too ; 12
 " For he that emulates the truly brave
 " Would always conquer, and should always save.
 Here, interrupting, stern Neronior cry'd,
 (Swell'd with success, and blubber'd up with pride
 " Madam, his life depends upon my will, 13
 " For ev'ry rebel I can spare or kill.
 " I'll think of what you've said : this night return
 " At ten ; perhaps you'll have no cause to mourn
 " Go, see your husband ; bid him not despair ;
 " His crime is great ; but you are wondrous fair." 13
 When anxious miseries the soul amaze,
 And dire confusion in the spirits raise,
 Upon the least appearance of relief
 Our hopes revive, and mitigate our grief ;
 Impatience makes our wishes earnest grow, 14
 Which thro' false optics our deliv'rance show ;

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" Nor would I have your yet unspotted fame
 " For me expos'd to an eternal shame.
 " With ignominy to preserve my breath
 " Is worse, by infinite degrees, than death. 17
 " But if I can't my life with honour save,
 " With honour I'll descend into the grave:
 " For tho' Revenge and Malice both combine,
 " (As both to fix my ruin seem to join)
 " Yet, maugre all their violence and skill, 18
 " I can die just, and I'm resolv'd I will.
 " But what is death we so unwisely fear ?
 " An end of all our busy tumults here ;
 " The equal lot of Poverty and State,
 " Which all partake of by a certain fate. 18
 " Whoe'er the prospect of mankind surveys
 " At diverse ages, and by diverse ways,
 " Will find them from this noisy scene retire ;
 " Some the first minute that they breathe expire ;
 " Others, perhaps, survive to talk and go, 19
 " But die before they good or evil know.
 " Here one to puberty arrives, and then
 " Returns lamented to the dust again ;
 " Another there maintains a longer strife
 " With all the pow'rful enemies of life, 19
 " Till, with vexation tir'd, and threescore years,
 " He drops into the dark and disappears.
 " I'm young, indeed, and might expect to see
 " Times future long, and late posterity ;
 " 'Tis what with reason I could wish to do, 20
 " If to be old were to be happy too :

: more for life than it can
 Beyond the grave stupendous regions lie,
 The boundless realms of vast eternity !
 Where minds, remov'd from earthly bodies, dwell,
 But who their government or laws can tell ?
 What's their employment till the final doom, 210
 And time's eternal period shall come ?
 Thus much the sacred Oracles declare,
 ' That all are bless'd or miserable there ;
 " Tho' if there's such variety of fate,
 " None good expire too soon, nor bad too late. 215
 " For my own part, with resignation still
 " I can submit to my Creator's will ;
 " Let him recall the breath from him I drew
 " When he thinks fit, and when he pleases too.
 " The way of dying is my least concern ; 220
 " That will give no disturbance to my urn.
 " If to the seats of happiness I go,
 " and all possible returns of woe ;
 " mansions I arrive,

CRUELTY AND LUST.

" Few hours will shew the utmost of m
" A joyful safety, or a peaceful tomb.
" If you miscarry I'm resolv'd to try
" If gracious Heav'n will suffer me to di
" For when you are to endless raptures
" If I survive 'tis but to be undone.
" Who will support an injur'd widow's i
" From sly injustice or oppressive might
" Protect her person, or her cause defend?
" She rarely wants a foe or finds a friend.
" I've no distrust of Providence; but still
" 'Tis best to go beyond the reach of ill;
" And those can have no reason to repent,
" Who, tho' they die betimes, die innocent.
" But to a world of everlasting bliss
" Why would you go and leave me here in ti
" 'Tis a dark passage; but our foes shall vie
" I'll die as calm, tho' not so brave, as you,
" That my behaviour to the last may prove
" Your courage is no greater than my love."
The hour approach'd: as to Neronior's tent,
With trembling but impatient steps I went,
A thousand horrors throng'd into my breast,
By sad ideas and strong fears possess'd:
Where'er I pass'd the glaring lights would show
Fresh objects of despair, and scenes of woe.
Here, in a crowd of drunken soldiers, stood
A wretched, poor, old man, besmear'd with blood
And at his feet, just thro' the body run,
Struggling for life, was laid his only son,

There, under a wide oak, disconsolate,
And drown'd in tears, a mournful widow sat
High in the boughs the murder'd father hung
Beneath the children round the mother clung
They cry'd for food, but 'twas without relief
For all they had to live upon was grief.
A sorrow so intense, such deep despair,
No creature merely human long could bear.
First in her arms her weeping babes she took
And with a groan did to her husband look,
Then lean'd her head on theirs, and, sighing,
"Pity me, Saviour of the world!" and dy'd
From this sad spectacle my eyes I turn'd,
Where sons their fathers, maids their lovers, men
Friends for their friends, sisters for brothers,
Pris'ners of war in chains for slaughter kept
Each ev'ry hour did the black message dread
Which should declare the person lov'd was dead

At the curs'd tent arriv'd, without delay
 They did me to the General convey,
 Who thus began——

- “ Madam, by fresh intelligence I find 295
 “ That Charion's treason's of the blackest kind,
 “ And my commission is express, to spare
 “ None that so deeply in rebellion are.
 “ New measures therefore 'tis in vain to try ;
 “ No pardon can be granted ; he must die : 300
 “ Must, or I hazard all ; which yet I'd do
 “ To be oblig'd in one request by you ;
 “ And, maugre all the dangers I foresee,
 “ Be mine this night, I'll set your husband free.
 “ Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope success 305
 “ By supple flatt'ry and by soft address :
 “ The pert gay coxcomb by these little arts
 “ Gains an ascendant o'er the ladies' hearts ;
 “ But I can no such whining methods use :
 “ Consent he lives ; he dies if you refuse.” 310
 Amaz'd at this demand ; said I, “ The brave
 “ Upon ignoble terms disdains to save ;
 “ They let their captives still with honour live,
 “ No more require than what themselves would give
 “ For gen'rous victors, as they scorn to do 315
 “ Dishonest things, scorn to propose 'em too.
 “ Mercy, the brightest virtue of the mind,
 “ Should with no devious appetite be join'd ;
 “ For if, when exercis'd, a crime it cost,
 “ Th' intrinsic lustre of the deed is lost. 320
 “ Great men their actions of a piece should have
 “ Heroic all, and each entirely brave !

From

Done because good

" The crimes new charge
youth

" May have revenge and malice, but no truth. 3

" Suppose the accusation justly brought,

" And clearly prov'd to the minutest thought,

" Yet mercies next to infinite abate

" Offences next to infinitely great;

" And 'tis the glory of a noble mind

" In full forgiveness not to be confin'd.

" Your prince's frowns if you have cause to

" This act will more illustrious appear,

" Tho' his excuse can never be withstood

" Who disobeys but only to be good.

" Perhaps the hazard's more than you ex

" The glory would be were the danger le

" For he that, to his prejudice, will do

" A noble action and a gen'rous too,

to wear a more resplendent
a thousand battle
ession s

" But to prevent all prospect of a flight,
 " Some of my Lambs* shall be your guard to-night
 " By them, no doubt, you'll tenderly be us'd ; 35
 " They seldom ask a favour that's refus'd :
 " Perhaps you'll find them so genteelly bred,
 " They'll leave you but few virt'ous tears to shed.
 " Surrounded with so innocent a throng,
 " The night must pass delightfully along ; 36
 " And in the morning, since you will not give
 " What I require, to let your husband live,
 " You shall behold him sigh his latest breath,
 " And gently swing into the arms of Death.
 " His fate he merits, as to rebels due, 36
 " And your's will be as much deserv'd by you."

Oh ! Celia, think, so far as thought can show
 What pangs of grief, what agonies of woe,
 At this dire resolution, seiz'd my breast,
 By all things sad and terrible possess ! 37
 In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd,
 For all my pray'rs were to a tiger made ;
 A tiger ! worse ; for 'tis beyond dispute
 No fiend's so cruel as a reas'ning brute.
 Encompass'd thus, and hopeless of relief, 37
 With all the squadrons of despair and grief,
 Ruin——it was not possible to shun ;
 What could I do ? oh ! what would you have done

The hours that pass'd till the black morn return'd
 With tears of blood should be for ever mourn'd ; 38
 When, to involve me with consummate grief,
 Beyond expression, and above belief,

* Kirke used to call the most inhuman of his soldiers
his Lambs.

" You need not now an injur'd husband
 " Living he might, he'll not upbraid you
 " 'Twas for your sake I seiz'd upon his
 " He would, perhaps, have scorn'd so cha
 " And, Madam, you'll excuse the zeal I s
 " To keep that secret none alive should k
 " Curs'd of all creatures ! for, compar'd
 " The devils," said I, " are dull in cruel
 " Oh ! may that tongue eternal vipers br
 " And, wasteless, their eternal hunger fe
 " In fires too hot for salamanders dwell,
 " The burning earnest of a hotter hell !
 " May that vile lump of execrable lust,
 " Corrupt alive, and rot into the dust !
 " May'st thou, despairing, at the point o
 " With oaths and blasphemies resign thy b
 " And the worst torments that the dam
 " In thine own person all united bear !"

STREPHON'S LOVE FOR DELIA JUSTIFIED.

IN AN EPISTLE TO CELADON.

ALL men have follies, which they blindly trace
Thro' the dark turnings of a dubious maze;
But happy those who, by a prudent care,
Retreat betimes from the fallacious snare.

The eldest sons of Wisdom were not free 5
From the same failure you condemn in me;
They lov'd, and, by that glorious passion led,
Forgot what Plato and themselves had said:
Love triumph'd o'er those dull pedantic rules
They had collected from the wrangling schools, 10
And made 'em to his noble sway submit,
In spite of all their learning, art, and wit;
Their grave starch'd morals then unuseful prov'd;
These dusty characters he soon remov'd;
For when his shining squadrons came in view, 15
Their boasted reason murmur'd and withdrew,
Unable to oppose their mighty force
With phlegmatic resolves and dry discourse.

If, as the wisest of the wise have err'd,
I go astray, and am condemn'd unheard, 20
My faults you too severely reprehend,
More like a rigid censor than a friend.
Love is the monarch passion of the mind,
Knows no superior, by no laws confin'd,
But triumphs still, impatient of control, 25
O'er all the proud endowments of the soul.

M

DELIA JUSTIFIED.

How divinely fair,
Her beauties were ;
Her charms confess ;
To her less. 30

Her duty saw,
Her ideas draw,
Her was, conclude,
Her then subdu'd.
Her is grown, 35

Her power known ;
Her, distinctly writ,
Her marks of wit ;
Her being most,
Her greatness boast ; 40

Her in a frame,
Her or Envy blame.
Her of the skies
Her then prize,
Her 'genus' share 45
Her Delia there,



N's LOVE FOR DELIA JUSTIFIED. 135

Delia all endowments meet,
 just, agreeable, or sweet;
 I praise and admiration move; 60
 wisest and the bravest love.
 course she's apposite and gay,
 wants something pertinent to say;
 object's of a serious kind,
 are manly, and her sense refin'd; 65
 tive, her expressions fit,
 sage join'd with inoffensive wit;
 always, that she ne'er affords
 ought the charity of words.
 is common to her sex can find 70
 'n in the suburbs of her mind;
 wisely she's in danger still
 ere neighb'rhood of industrious ill;
 at distance keeps the subtle foe,
 approach would formidable grow; 75
 unwary virgin is undone,
 the mis'ry which she ought to shun.
 is penetrating, clear, and gay,
 is judgment and right reason sway;
 old, and quick to apprehend, 80
 replies, but cautious to offend.
 e keen, but levell'd with such care,
 fall short, and seldom fly too far;
 he rallies 'tis with so much art,
 ith pleasure, and with rapture smart.
 on! you would my flame approve, 86
 hear her talk, and talk of love;

Tis then the charms of eloquence
Their native glories, unimprov'd by art :
By what she says I measure things above,
And guess the language of seraphic love. 9

To the cool bosom of a peaceful shade,
By some wild beach or lofty poplar made,
When ev'ning comes, we secretly repair
To breathe in private, and unbend our care ;
And while our flocks in fruitful pastures feed, 10
Some well-design'd instructive poem read,
Where useful morals, with soft numbers join'd,
At once delight and cultivate the mind,
Which are by her to more perfection brought,
By wise remarks upon the poet's thought.
So well she knows the stamp of eloquence,
The empty sound of words from solid sense,
The florid fustian of a rhyming spark,
Whose random arrow ne'er comes near the mark
On her judgment be impos'd, and pass
This but gilded brass

STREPHON'S LOVE FOR DELIA JUSTIFIED. 137

Said I, " The question you propose to me
" Perhaps a matter of debate might be,
" Were the degrees of my affection less 120
" Than burning martyrs to the gods express.
" In you I've all I can desire below,
" That earth can give me, or the gods bestow ;
" And bless'd with you, I know not where to find
" A second choice ; you take up all my mind. 125
" I'd not forsake that dear delightful plain,
" Where charming Delia ! Love and Delia reign,
" For all the splendour that a court can give,
" Where gaudy fools and busy statesmen live.
" Tho' youthful Paris, when his birth was known,
" (Too fatally related to a throne) 131
" Forsook Oenone and his rural sports,
" For dang'rous greatness and tumult'ous courts,
" Yet Fate should still offer its power in vain,
" For what is pow'r to such an humble swain ? 135
" I would not leave my Delia, leave my fair,
" Tho' half the globe should be assign'd my share."
And would you have me, friend ! reflect again,
Become the basest and the worst of men ;
O, do not urge me, Celadon ! forbear ; 140
I cannot leave her ; she's too charming fair !
Should I your counsel in this case pursue,
You might suspect me for a villain too ;
For sure that perjur'd wretch can never prove
Just to his friend who's faithless to his love. 145

AN EPISTLE TO DELIA

As those who hope hereafter heav'n to share
A rigorous exile here can calmly bear,
And with collected spirits undergo
The sad variety of pain below,
Yet with intense reflections antedate
The mighty raptures of a future state,
While the bright prospect of approaching
Creates a bliss no trouble can destroy;
So tho' I'm toss'd by giddy Fortune's hand
Ev'n to the confines of my native land,
Where I can hear the stormy ocean roar,
And break its waves upon the foaming shore
Tho' from my Delia banish'd, all that's dear
That's good, or beautiful, or charming, here
Yet flatt'ring hopes encourage me to live,
And tell me Fate will kinder minutes give
That the dark treasury of time contains
A glorious day will finish all my pains;
To anticipate on joys to come,

AN EPISTLE TO DELIA.

1:

For all my wishes and desires pursue,
All I admire or covet here, is you. 3

Were I possess'd of your surprising charms,
And lodg'd again within my Delia's arms,
Then would my joys ascend to that degree,
Could angels envy, they would envy me.

Oft', as I wander in a silent shade, 3

When bold vexations would my soul invade,
I banish the rough thought, and none pursue
But what inclines my willing mind to you :

The soft reflections on your sacred love,
Like sov'reign antidotes, all cares remove ; 4

Composing ev'ry faculty to rest,
They leave a grateful flavour in my breast.

Retir'd sometimes into a lonely grove,
I think o'er all the stories of our love.

What mighty pleasure have I oft' possess'd, } 4:

When, in a masculine embrace, I prest

The lovely Delia to my heaving breast !

Then I remember, and with vast delight,

The kind expressions of the parting night : 5

Methought the sun too quick return'd again,

And day seem'd ne'er impertinent till then.

Strong and contracted was our eager bliss ;

An age of pleasure in each gen'rous kiss :

Years of delight in moments we compriz'd,

And Heav'n itself was there epitomiz'd. 55

But when the glories of the eastern light

O'erflow'd the twinkling tapers of the night,

But tho' I must my native place
 Forsake these fields, forsake my Delia too,
 No change of fortune shall for ever move
 ' The settled base of my immortal love." 6
 " And must my Strephon, must my faithful swair
 " Be forc'd," you cry'd, " to a remoter plain !
 " The darling of my soul so soon remov'd !
 " The only valu'd, and the best belov'd !
 " Tho' other swains to me themselves addrest, 7
 " Strephon was still distinguish'd from the rest ;
 " Flat and insipid all their courtship seem'd ;
 " Little themselves, their passions less, esteem'd
 " For my aversion with their flames increas'd,
 " And none but Strephon partial Delia pleas'd.
 " Tho' I'm depriv'd of my kind shepherd's si-
 " Joy of the day, and blessing of the night,
 " Yet will you, Strephon ! will you love me ?
 " However flatter me, and say you will ;
 " Would you entertain a rival love,

" Nor can I of captivity complain,
 " While lovely Delia holds the glorious chain.
 " The Cyprian queen, in young Adonis' arms, 90
 " Might fear, at least, he would despise her charms
 " But I can never such a monster prove,
 " To slight the blessings of my Delia's love.
 " Would those who at celestial tables sit,
 " Bless'd with immortal wine, immortal wit, 95
 " Chuse to descend to some inferior board,
 " Which nought but scum and nonsense can afford ?
 " Nor can I e'er to those gay nymphs address,
 " Whose pride is greater and whose charms are less;
 " Their tinsel beauty may, perhaps, subdue 100
 " A gaudy coxcomb or a fulsome beau,
 " But seem at best indifferent to me,
 " Who none but you with admiration see.
 " Now would the rolling orbs obey my will,
 " I'd make the sun a second time stand still, 105
 " And to the lower world their light repay,
 " When conqu'ring Joshua robb'd 'em of a day ;
 " Tho' our two souls would different passions prove,
 " His was a thirst of glory, mine of love.
 " It will not be ; the sun makes haste to rise, 110
 " And take possession of the eastern skies ;
 " Yet one more kiss, tho' millions are too few,
 " And Delia ! since we must, must part, adieu."
 As Adam, by an injur'd Maker driv'n
 From Eden's groves the vicinage of heav'n, 115
 Compell'd to wander, and oblig'd to bear
 The harsh impressions of a ruder air,

With a concern

My native plains, my charming

For I left Paradise in leaving you.

If, as I walk, a pleasant shade I find
It brings your fair idea to my mind :
Such was the happy place, I sighing, as
Where I and Delia, lovely Delia ! lay,
When first I did my tender thoughts in
And made a grateful present of my heart
Or if my friend in his apartment shows
Some piece of Vandyke's or of Angelo
In which the artist has, with wondrous
Describ'd the face of one exceeding fair
Tho' at first sight it may my passion
And ev'ry feature I admire and praise
Yet still methinks, upon a second view
'Tis not so beautiful, so fair, as you
If I converse with those whom most
I have a ready, gay, vivacious wit

will I envy those ill-judging swains
that they enjoy's the refuse of the plains),
for my share of happiness below,
d Heav'n upon me Delia would bestow ; 150
whatever blessings it can give beside,
all mankind among themselves divide.

NONE lives in this tumult
Where ev'ry morning some new trouble
But bold inquietudes will break his rest,
And gloomy thoughts disturb his anxious brea
Angelic forms and happy spirits are
Above the malice of perplexing care;
But that's a blessing too sublime, too high
For those who bend beneath mortality.
If in the body there was but one part
Subject to pain and sensible of smart,
And but one passion could torment the mind,
That part, that passion, busy Fate would find
But since infirmities in both abound,
Since sorrow both so many ways can wound,
'Tis not so great a wonder that we grieve
Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.

The happiest man that ever breath'd on ea
With all the glories of estate and birth,
Some anxious care, to make him k
the reach of woe.

TO HIS FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION. 145

Yet could we but some secret method find
 To view the dark recesses of the mind,
 We there might see the hidden seed of strife,
 And woes in embryo rip'ning into life ; 30
 How some fierce lust or boist'rous passion fills
 The lab'ring spirit with prolific ills ;
 Pride, envy, or revenge, distract the soul,
 And all right reason's godlike pow'rs control :
 But if she must not be allow'd to sway, 35
 Tho' all without appears serene and gay,
 A cank'rous venom on the vitals preys,
 And poisons all the comforts of his days.

External pomp and visible success
 Sometimes contribute to our happiness ; 40
 But that which makes it genuine, refin'd,
 Is a good conscience and a soul resign'd :
 Then to whatever end affliction's sent,
 To try our virtues, or for punishment,
 We bear it calmly, tho' a pond'rous woe, 45
 And still adore the hand that gives the blow ;
 For in misfortune this advantage lies,
 They make us humble and they make us wise ;
 And he that can acquire such virtues, gains
 An ample recompense for all his pains. 50

Too soft caresses of a prosp'rous fate
 The pious fervours of the soul abate,
 Tempt to luxurious ease our careless days,
 And gloomy vapours round the spirits raise :
 Thus lull'd into a sleep, we dozing lie, 55
 And find our ruin in security,

So in the most dejected hours we may
The secret pleasure have to weep and pray ;
And those requests the speediest passage find .
To Heav'n which flow from an afflicted mind ;
And while to him we open our distress,
Our pains grow lighter and our sorrows less.
The finest music of the grove we owe
To mourning Philomel's harmonious woe,
And while her grief's in charming notes express'd
A thorny bramble pricks her tender breast ;
In warbling melody she spends the night,
And moves at once compassion and delight.

No choice had e'er so happy an event
But he that made it did that choice repent.
So weak's our judgment, and so short's our sight
We cannot level our own wishes right ;
And if sometimes we make a wise advance,
T'ourselves we little owe, but much to chance
And Providence, for secret ends,

TO ANOTHER FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION. 147

But in the keenest agonies of grief
Content's a cordial that still gives relief.
Heav'n is not always angry when she strikes,
But most chastises those whom most she likes, 90
And if with humble spirits they complain,
Relieves the anguish, or rewards the pain.

TO ANOTHER FRIEND

UNDER AFFLICTION.

SINCE the first man by disobedience fell
An easy conquest to the pow'rs of hell,
There's none in ev'ry stage of life can be
From the insults of bold Affliction free.
If a short respite gives us some relief, 5
And interrupts the series of our grief,
So quick the pangs of misery return,
We joy by minutes, but by years we mourn.
Reason refin'd, and to perfection brought,
By wise philosophy, and serious thought, 10
Supports the soul beneath the pond'rous weight
Of angry stars, and unpropitious Fate.
Then is the time she should exert her pow'r,
And make us practise what she taught before;
For why are such volum'nous authors read, 15
The learned labours of the famous dead,
But to prepare the mind for its defence,
By sage results and well-digested sense,

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TO ANOTHER FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION. 14

Yet there's a steadiness of soul and thought,
By Reason bred, and by Religion taught, 50
Which, like a rock amidst the stormy waves,
Unmov'd remains, and all affliction braves.

In sharp misfortunes some will search too deep
What Heav'n prohibits, and would secret keep;
But those events 'tis better not to know, 55
Which, known, serve only to increase our woe.
Knowledge forbid ('tis dang'rous to pursue)
With guilt begins, and ends with ruin too:
For had our earliest parents been content
Not to know more than to be innocent, 60
Their ignorance of evil had preserv'd
Their joys entire, for then they had not swerv'd;
But they imagin'd (their desires were such)
They knew too little, till they knew too much.
E'er since by folly most to wisdom rise, 65
And few are but by sad experience wise.

Consider, Friend! who all your blessings gave,
What are recall'd again, and what you have,
And do not murmur when you are bereft
Of little, if you have abundance left. 70
Consider too, how many thousands are
Under the worst of miseries, despair,
And don't repine at what you now endure;
Custom will give you ease, or time will cure.
Once more; consider that the present ill, 75
Tho' it be great, may yet be greater still;
And be not anxious; for to undergo
One grief is nothing to a num'rous woe.

You are not ~~the same~~ ;

Afflictions past can no existence ~~have~~
But in the wild ideas of the mind ;
And why should we for those misfortu
Which have been suffer'd, and can ne'er
Those that have weather'd a tempestuou
And find a calm approaching with the l
Will not, unless their reason they disow
Still make those dangers present that ar
What is behind the curtain none can s
It may be joy ; suppose it misery :
'Tis future still ; and that which is no
May never come, or we may never be
Therefore, the present ill alone we ou
To view, in reason, with a troubled t
But if we may the sacred pages trust
He's always happy that is always ju

TO HIS FRIEND

TO HIS FRIEND INCLINED TO MARRY. 151

Who moves within the middle region shares 5
 'The least disquiets and the smallest cares.
 Let her extraction with true lustre shine;
 If something brighter, not too bright for thine:
 Her education liberal, not great;
 Neither inferior nor above her state. 10
 Let her have wit, but let that wit be free
 From affectation, pride, and pedantry;
 For the effect of woman's wit is such,
 Too little is as dang'rous as too much.
 But, chiefly, let her humour close with thine, 15
 Unless where your's does to a fault incline:
 'The least disparity in this destroys,
 Like sulph'rous blasts, the very buds of joys.
 Her person amiable, straight, and free
 From natural, or chance deformity. 20
 Let not her years exceed, if equal thine,
 For women past their vigour soon decline.
 Her fortune competent; and if thy sight
 Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right.
 If thine's enough, then her's may be the less:
 Do not aspire to riches in excess;
 For that which makes our lives delightful prove,
 Intel sufficiency: 28

PAINTER ! the utmost can
 Exceed ev'n Titian and great Angelo ;
 With all the liveliness of thought express
 The moving features of Dorinda's face :
 Thou canst not flatter where such beauty dwells
 Her charms thy colours and thy art excels.
 Others, less fair, may from thy pencil have
 Graces which sparing Nature never gave ;
 But in Dorinda's aspect thou wilt see
 Such as will pose thy famous art and thee :
 So great, so many, in her face unite,
 So well-proportion'd, and so wond'rous bright,
 No human skill can e'er express 'em all,
 But must do wrong to th' fair original.
 An angel's hand alone the pencil fits
 To mix the colours, when an angel sits.
 Thy picture may as like Dorinda be
 As art of man can paint a deity,
 And may, perhaps, when she withdraws
 Deserve applause :

But had he seen that bright surprising grace
 Which spreads itself o'er all Dorinda's face,
 Vain had been all the essays of his skill;
 She must have been confess'd the fairest still. 30
 Heav'n in a landscape may be wond'rous fine,
 And look as bright as painted light can shine,
 But still the real glories of that place
 All art by infinite degrees surpass. 34

TO THE PAINTER

AFTER HE HAD FINISHED DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER! thou hast perform'd what man can do;
 Only Dorinda's self more charms can show.
 Bold are thy strokes, and delicate each touch;
 But still the beauties of her face are such
 As cannot justly be describ'd, tho' all 5
 Confess 'tis like the bright original.
 In her, and in thy picture, we may view
 The utmost Nature or that Art can do;
 Each is a masterpiece, design'd so well,
 That future times may strive to parallel, }
 But neither Art nor Nature's able to excel.

The Life of the Author,
The Preface,

MISCELLANIES.

The Choice,
Love Triumphant over Reason. A vision.
The Fortunate Complaint,
A Pastoral Essay on the death of Queen Mary,
On the Marriage of the Earl of A—— with the
Countess of S——,
An Inscription for the monument of Diana,
Countess of Oxford and Elgin,
The same, attempted in English,
Eleazar's Lamentation over Jerusalem,
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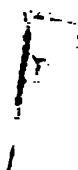
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THE END.









1915

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILL. CONGREVE.
WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Minuentur atræ
Carmine curæ.

HOR.

O that your brows my laurel had sustain'd!
Well had I been depos'd if you had reign'd.
The father had descend'd for the son,
For only you are lineal to the throne—
Ye: this I prophecy, Thou shalt be seen
(Tho' with some short parenthesis between)
High on the throne of Wit; and, seated there,
Not mine, that's little, but thy laurel wear—
This is your portion, this your native floor;
Heav'n, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakespeare gave as much, she could not give him more.

}
DRYDEN TO CONGREVE.

Bell's second edition.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1784.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM CONGREVE

CONTAINING HIS

EPISTLES,	PROLOGUES,
IRREGULAR ODES,	EPILOGUES,
PINDARICK ODES,	MISCELLANIES,
PASTORALS,	IMITATIONS,
ELEGIES, SONGS,	TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

On thee, from Fate, a latent passion fell
In every way of writing to excel.
Your Muse applause to Arabella brings,
In notes as sweet as Arabella sings.
Whene'er you draw an undissembled wo,
With sweet distress your rural numbers flow.
Pastora's the complaint of country swains,
Pastora fills the echo of the plain:
Or if your Muse describe, with warming force,
The wounded Frenchman falling from his horse,
And her own William, glorious in the strife,
Behewing on the prostrate foe his life,
You the great act as gen'rously rehearse,
And all the English fury's in your verse.

SIR R. STEELE TO CONGR

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTIN.
Anno 1784.



THE LIFE OF
WILLIAM CONGREVE, ESQ.

THIS gentleman was descended from the ancient house of Congreve in Staffordshire, but authors differ as to the place of his birth; some contend that he was born in Ireland*, others that he drew his first breath at the village of Bardfa, near Leeds in Yorkshire, which was the estate of a near relation of his by his mother's side. Mr. Jacob, in his preface to *The Lives of the Poets*, has informed us, that he had the advice and assistance of Mr. Congreve in that work, who communicated to him many particulars of the lives of contemporary writers, as well as of himself; and as Mr. Congreve can hardly be thought ignorant of the place of his own birth, and Mr. Jacob has asserted it to be in England, no room is left to doubt of it. The learned antiquary of Ireland, Sir James Ware, has reckoned our Author amongst his own country Worthies, from the relation of Southern; but Mr. Congreve's own account, if Jacob may be relied on, is more than equal to that of Southern, who possibly might be mistaken.

About the year 1671 or 1672, our Author was born, and his father carried him, when a child, into Ireland, where he then had a command in the army, but afterwards was entrusted with the management of a considerable estate belonging to the noble family

General Dictionary.

A 111

the death

to the uni-
ction of Dr.
knowledge of the
that his studies
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Revolution, and
le Temple : but
all-adapted to the
he never attempted
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is certain he was not
hich his genius led him.
nance, written when but
novel, dedicated to Mrs.
age proof not only of a
style, and a



LIFE OF CONGREVE.

the plot, fable, or subserviency of the personages, for which reason he formed a new model, and gave us to see how works of that kind should be written. He followed a regular plan, observed a general method, carried on a connexion, as well as distinguished his characters.

This performance is entitled *Incognita and Duty Reconciled*. It has been affected to be a real history, and, though the scene of the adventures happened in England, it is not a business to enter into the secret history of a reigning piece, or to attempt giving the truth, to what the writer took so much pains to make appear from this piece that Mr. Congreve had a perfect notion from the very beginning, and that in writing this novel was to shew how it was to be written. Let us hear what he says: from thence we shall entertain a high opinion of his abilities than could possibly be raised by the most eulogistical commendations. After very judiciously observing that there is the same relation between novels, as between tragedy and comedy, he thus: “ Since all traditions must introduce a place to the drama, and since there is a necessity of giving that life to the writing or representation which it has in the action. I resolved to give it other beauty to imitate dramatick writing, in the design, contexture, and result,

“ infipid; for it is but reasonable the reader in
 “ expect if not to rise, at least to keep upon a
 “ in the entertainment, for so he may be kept o
 “ hopes that some time or other it may mend;
 “ the other is such a haulk to a man, it is carr
 “ him up stairs to shew him the dining-room, ar
 “ terwards force him to make a meal in the kit
 “ This I have not only endeavoured to avoid
 “ also have used a method for the contrary pur
 “ The design of this novel is obvious; after the
 “ meeting of Aurelian and Hippolito with Ince
 “ and Leonora, the difficulty is in bringing it to
 “ maugre all apparent obstacles, within the
 “ pafs of two days. How many probable cast
 “ intervene in opposition to the main design, a
 “ marrying two couple so oddly engaged in an
 “ cate amour, I leave the reader at his leifure t
 “ Godd— as also whether every obstacle does r

“the commencement of the amour, and the time
“from first to last is but three days.”

Soon after Mr. Congreve's return to England, he amused himself, during a slow recovery from a fit of sickness, with writing a comedy. Captain Southern, in conjunction with Mr. Dryden and Arthur Maymanning, Esq. revised this performance, which was *The Old Bachelor*; of which Mr. Dryden said, he never saw such a first play in his life; adding, that the Author, not being acquainted with the Stage or the Town, it would be a pity to have it miscarry for want of a little assistance. Mr. Thomas Davenant who had then the direction of the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. had so high a sense of the merit of the piece, and was so charmed with the Author's conversation, that he granted him the freedom of the House before his play came on, which, according to the maxims of theatrical government, was not only an unusual but an unprecedented favour. In 1693 *The Old Bachelor* was acted before a numerous and polite audience. The play was received with such general applause, that Mr. Congreve was then considered as a prodigy to the declining stage, and a rising genius in dramatick poetry. It was this play, and the singular success which attended it upon the stage, that introduced our Author to the acquaintance of the Earl of Halifax who was then the professed patron of men of wit and who being desirous to raise a man of so promising

Hackney coach-
after, a place in the Pipe-office,
a post in the Customhouse to the value of
annum.

In the following year Mr. Congreve brought
the stage *The Double Dealer*, which met not w
good a reception as the former.

Mr. Congreve has informed us, in the Ded
of this play to Charles Montague, Esq. that
very assiduous to learn from the Criticks wh
tions could be found to it, but, says he, "I h
" nothing to provoke an answer. That w
" most like an objection does not relate in
" to this play, but to all or most that ever
" written, and that is soliloquy; therefo
" swer it not only for my own sake, but
" the trouble to whom it may be hereaf
" I grant, that for a man to talk to hi
" unnatural, and indeed it

“therefore, the audience must observe whether the
 “person upon the stage takes any notice of them at
 “all or no; for if he supposes any one to be by when
 “he talks to himself”, it is monstrous and ridiculous
 “to the last degree; nay, not only in this case, but
 “in any part of a play, if there is expressed any
 “knowledge of an audience, it is insufferable: but
 “otherwise, when a man in a soliloquy reasons with
 “himself, and *pro's* and *con's*, and weighs all his de-
 “signs, we ought not to imagine that this man either
 “talks to us or to himself; he is only thinking, and
 “thinking such matter as it were inexcusable folly
 “in him to speak. But because we are concealed
 “spectators of the plot in agitation, and the poet
 “finds it necessary to let us know the whole mystery
 “of his contrivance, he is willing to inform us of this
 “person's thoughts, and to that end is forced to make
 “use of the expedient of speech; no other or better
 “way being yet invented for the communication of
 “thought.”

Towards the close of the same year Queen Mary
 died: upon that occasion Mr. Congreve produced an
 Elegiack Pastoral, a composition which the admirers
 of this Poet have extolled in the most lavish terms of
 admiration.

* Yet Maskwell purposely talks to himself, designing to be
 overheard by Lord Touchwood; undoubtedly an error in the
 conduct, and want of art in the Author. This he seems here
 to forget, or would not remember it.

success. This comedy, with some more, was smartly criticised by the ingenious as containing lessons of immorality, and imitation of loose characters, which can in opinion, appear on a stage without cor audience.

Messrs. Congreve, Dennis, and Dryden, vigorous defence of the English stage, and to shew the necessity of such characters duced, in order to be exposed and laugh their defences Mr. Collier replied, and point with so much learning, wit, and in the opinion of many he had the be tagonists, especially Mr. Congreve, who must be owned, though they are adm and the characters strongly marked, as they have given great offence: and fur when we have it at

desirous of extending his fame by producing a tragedy. It has been alleged that some, who were jealous of his growing reputation, put him upon this task, in order, as they imagined, to diminish it; for he seemed to be of too gay and lively a disposition for tragedy; and in all likelihood would miscarry in the attempt. However,

In 1697, after the expectation of the Town had been much raised, *The Mourning Bride* appeared on the New Theatre in Lincoln's Inn-Fields. Few plays ever excited so great an ardour of expectation as this, and very few ever succeeded to fulfil an extravagant degree. There is something new in the management of the plot: after moving the passions of the audience to the greatest commiseration, he brings off his principal characters, punishes the guilty, and makes the play conclude happily.

The controversy we have just now mentioned was thought to have occasioned a dislike in Mr. Congreve towards the stage; yet he afterwards produced another comedy, called *The Way of the World*, which was so just a picture of the world, that, as an author prettily says, *The World could not bear it.*

The reception this play met with completed our Author's disgust to the theatre; upon which Mr. Dennis, who was a warm friend to Congreve, made this fine observation, "That Mr. Congreve quitted
" the stage early, and that Comedy left it with him."

the Stage, and
the trouble of shewing them -
tended to write again for the theatre
works to the censure of impotent crit-
ticular he kept his word with them;
foreseen the fate of his play, he to
venge, in his Epilogue, of the race
who, excited by envy, and supported
of their own importance, dared to
selves judges of wit without any just
This play has long ago triumphed
and is now in great esteem amongst
theatrical entertainments.

Though Mr. Congreve quits
not he give up the cause of poetry
of the Marquis of Blandford,
Duke of Marlborough, which
find him composing a Pastoral

Another article.

ner of writing by an elegant digression, to which he added a criticism on that species of poetry.

As in the early part of his life Mr. Congreve had received favours from people of a less exalted station, so of these he was highly sensible, and never let slip any opportunity of shewing his gratitude. He wrote an Epilogue to his old friend Southern's Tragedy of Oroonoko; and Mr. Dryden has acknowledged his assistance in the translation of Virgil. He contributed, by his version of the eleventh Satire of Juvenal to the translation of that poet, published also by Mr. Dryden, to whom Mr. Congreve wrote a copy of verses on his translation of Persius. He wrote, likewise, a Prologue for a play of Mr. Charles Dryden's, full of kindness for that young gentleman, and of respect for his father.

But the noblest testimony he gave of his filial regard to the memory of his poetical father, Mr. John Dryden, was the Panegyrick he wrote upon his works, contained in the Dedication of Dryden's Plays to the Duke of Newcastle.

Mr. Congreve translated the third book of Ovid's Art of Love, and some favourite passages from the Iliad.

The author of the elegant Letters not long ago published under the name of Fitzosborne, has taken some pains to set before his readers the version of those parts of H^ömer translated by our Author, and the

Our Author writes . . .

by Sir Richard Steele, who was a warm
Mr. Congreve: he also wrote *The Judgment of P
a Monk*, and the Opera of *Semelè*; of these the
mer was acted with great applause, and the lat
finely set to musick by Mr. Eccles. The last of his
tical works is his *Art of Pleading*, addressed to
Richard Temple, the late Viscount Cobham. He
written many prose epistles, dispersed in the w
of other writers, and his *Essay on Humour in Co
dy*, published in a collection of Dennis's Letters,
entertaining and correct piece of criticism. A
other letters are written with a great deal of w
spirit, a fine flow of language, and are so happ
ternixed with a lively and inoffensive raillery,
is impossible not to be pleased with them at t
reading: we may be satisfied from the perusal o
that his conversation must have been very en
and not wonder that he

was sprightly as well as elegant in his manner, and so much the favourite of Henrietta Dutchess of Marlborough, that even after his death she caused an image of him to be every day placed at her toilet-table, to which she would talk, as to the living Mr. Congreve, with all the freedom of the most polite and unreserved conversation. Mrs. Bracegirdle, likewise, had the highest veneration for our Author, and joined with her Grace in a boundless profusion of sorrow upon his death. Some think he had made a better figure in his last will, had he remembered the friendship he professed for Mrs. Bracegirdle, whose admirable performance added spirit to his dramattick pieces; but he forgot her, and gratified his vanity, by chusing to make a rich Dutchess his sole legatee and executrix.

Mr. Congreve was the son of Fortune as well as of the Muses. He was early preferred to an affluent situation, and no change of ministry ever affected him, nor was he ever removed from any post he enjoyed, except to a better.

His place in the Customhouse, and his office of Secretary in Jamaica, are said to have brought him in upwards of 1200*l* a-year: and he was so far an economist as to raise from thence a competent estate. No man of his learning ever passed through life with more ease or less envy; and as in the dawn of his reputation he was very dear to the greatest wits of his time, so during his whole life he preserved the utmost re-

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telt the least mark of distance, &c.

The greatest part of the last twenty years were spent in ease and retirement, and he gave himself no trouble about reputation. When the *celebrated* Voltaire was in England, he waited upon Congreve and passed some compliments upon him as to reputation and merit of his Works; Congreve told him, but at the same time told that ingenious friend he did not chuse to be considered as an Author, as a private Gentleman, and in that light expected to be visited. Voltaire answered, "That if he had been any thing but a private gentleman in his habilitie he had never been troubled with that."

Mr. Voltaire, upon this occasion, observed that he was not a little disgusted with the unseasonableness of vanity:—this was indeed the highest instance of it that perhaps can be produced. A man who by his wit and writings the reputation as a

with the gout, and for this reason, in the summer of the year 1728, he made a tour to Bath, for the benefit of the waters, where he had the misfortune to be overturned in his chariot, from which time he complained of a pain in his side, which was supposed to arise from some inward bruise. Upon his return to London he perceived his health gradually decline, which he bore with fortitude and resignation.

On January the 19th 1728-9, he yielded his last breath, about five o'clock in the morning, at his house in Surrey-street in the Strand, in the 57th year of his age. On the Sunday following, January 26, his corpse lay in state in the Jerusalem-Chamber, from whence, the same evening, between the hours of nine and ten, it was carried with great decency and solemnity to Henry the VIth's Chapel; and after the funeral service was performed, it was interred in the Abbey. The pall was supported by the Duke of Bridgewater, Earl of Godolphin, Lord Cobham, Lord Wilmington, the Hon. George Berkley, Esq. and Brigadier-general Churchill, and Colonel Congreve followed his corpse as chief mourner. Some time after a neat and elegant monument was erected to his memory by Henrietta Dutcheffs of Marlborough, with this inscription, "Mr. William Congreve died Jan. 19. 1728, aged
" fifty-six, and was buried near this place; to whose
" most valuable memory this monument is set up
" by Henrietta Dutcheffs of Marlborough, as a mark



To you, my Lord, my Muse --
Of various verse, in various rude essays:
To you the first address'd her early voice,
By inclination led, and fix'd by choice; 5
To you, on whose indulgence she depends,
Her few collected lays she now commends.
By no one measure bound her numbers range,
And unresolv'd in choice, delight in change;
Her songs to no distinguish'd fame aspire,
For now she tries the reed, anon attempts the lyre
High Parnassus she no birthright claims,
Nor drinks deep draughts of Heliconian streams
Nor near the sacred mount she loves to rove,
Gits the springs, and hovers round the grove.
She knows what dangers wait too bold a flight
And fears to fall from an Icarian height;
She admires the wing that safely soars,
The swan follows, and its track adores.
From what force, the swan
The clouds aspi

And 'x' is

And also
Such as
has

And now I have more to tell you
about the people who are
in the world today.

[illegible]

...the fact that we are
...of the ...
...the ...
...the ...

...my name, the
...in the
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... of the ...
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... party cross'd or
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rights imprison'd long;
future time the destin'd hero send
from the dire enchantment is to end;
seems this work, and so reserv'd for thee, 5
great revealer of dark poesy!
the fullen clouds which have for ages past
terfius' too long full'ring Muse been cast,
and fly before thy sacred pen;
their room bright tracks of light are seen. 10
æbus' self thy swelling breast inspires,
of musick and poetick fires;
hence proceeds this great surprize of light?
vns this day forth from the womb of Night!
onder now does our past folly show, 15
entemning what we did not know:
evers impiously despise
ed Oracles in mysteries.
fore in small esteem was had,

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

OCCASIONED BY L—Y—'S PICTURE.

FIELD, O Kneller! to superiour skill,
 thy pencil triumphs o'er the poet's quill:
 yet my vanquish'd Muse exert her lays,
 it is no more to rival thee, but praise.
 Oft' have I try'd, with unavailing care,
 To trace some image of the much-lov'd fair,
 But still my numbers inefficual prov'd,
 And rather show'd how much, than whom, I lov'd;
 But thy unerring hands, with matchless art,
 Have shown my eyes th' impression in my heart; to
 The bright idea both exists and leaves,
 Such vital heat thy genial pencil gives,
 Whose daring point, not to the face confin'd,
 Can penetrate the heart, and paint the mind.
 Others some faint resemblance may express, 15
 Which as 't is drawn by chance we find by guess:
 Thy pictures raise no doubts when brought to view;
 At once they're known, and seem to know us too.
 'Transcendent Artisl! how complete thy skill!
 Thy pow'r to act is equal to thy will; 20
 Nature and Art in thee alike contend,
 Not to oppose each other, but befriend;
 For what thy fancy has with fire design'd,
 As by thy skill both temper'd and refin'd. C



Ev'n Dryden has immortaliz'd thy
Let that alone suffice thee, think th
Unfit I follow where he led the way
And court applause by what I seem
Myself I praise while I thy praise ir
For 't is some virtue virtue to comm
And next to deeds which our own h
Is to distinguish them who merit pr

... it comes to pass
 One man is pleas'd with what he has :
 Grace sings—and sure as strange is this,
 No one man's displeas'd with what he is.
 Foolish, ugly, dull, impertinent,
 With their persons and their parts content.
 'Tis that all ; so odd a thing is man,
 'Tis not what he would be what least he should or can.
 The homely faces still are foremost seen,
 Cross-shap'd fops affect the nicest mien ; 10
 'Tis those who extol true courage to the skies,
 Who are still most forward to advise ;
 The trusted wretch to secrecy pretends,
 Ringing his nothing round to all as friends ;
 'Tis those who affect the politician's part, 15
 Learn to nod, and smile, and shrug, with art ;
 'Tis those who have to lose the war bewails,
 Who nothing pays at taxes rails.
 'Tis those, perverse, against all else

ll in your teeth his stinking whisper **throws,** 25
or mends his manners tho' you hold **your nose :**
erfites, who seems born to give offence,
om uncouth form and frontless impudence,
fumes soft airs, and with a slur comes in,
tempts a smile, and shocks you with a grin : 30
ucus harangues with a diffusive grace,
d Helluo invites with a forbidding face.
Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
t that forsaken we like comets err ;
d's'd thro' the void, by some rude shock we're broke,
d all our boasted fire is lost in smoke. 36
Next to obtaining wealth, or pow'r, or ease,
n most affect in general to please :
his affection vanity's the source,
d vanity alone obstructs its course ; 40
at telescope of fools, thro' which they spy
rit remote, and think the object nigh :
e glass remov'd, would each himself survey,
d in just scales his strength and weakness weigh,
the path for which he was design'd

EPITAPHS.

When Murus comes, we cry, Beware the pill,
 And with the tradesman were a tradesman still.
 If Addison, or Rowe, or Prior, writes,
 We study 'em with profit and delight;
 But when vile Macer and Mundanus rhyme,
 We grieve we've learnt to read, ay, curse the time
 All rules of Pleasing in this one unite,
 "Affect not any thing in Nature's fright." 6
 Baboons and apes ridiculous we find;
 For what? for ill resembling humankind.
 "None are for being what they are in fault,
 "But for not being what they would be thought."
 Thus I, dear Friend! to you my thoughts impart,
 As to one perfect in the Pleasing art; 66
 If art it may be call'd in you, who seem
 By Nature form'd for love and for esteem.
 Affecting none, all virtues you possess,
 And really are what others but profess. 70
 I'll not offend you while myself I please;
 I oath to flatter, tho' I love to praise:
 It when such early worth so bright appears,
 And antedates the fame which waits on years,
 I can't so stupidly affected prove, 75
 To confess it in the man I love;
 I now I aim not at that known applause
 I've won in arms and in your country's cause:
 I patriot now, nor hero, I commend,
 The companion praise, and boast the friend. 80

: Mulcibers, who in the Minories sweat,
 d massive bars on stubborn anvils beat; 110
 'orm'd themselves, yet forge those flays of steel
 ich arm Aurelia with a shape to kill.
 Macer and Mundungus school the times,
 d write in rugged prose the rules of softer rhymes:
 ll do they play the careful critick's part, 115
 ructing doubly by their matchless art;
 es for good verse they first with pains indite,
 n show us what are bad by what they write. 118

O LORD VISCOUNT COBHAM.

OF IMPROVING THE PRESENT TIME.

ICEREST critick of my prose or rhyme,
 how thy pleasing Stowe employs thy time:
 , Cobham! what amuses thy retreat?
 tratagems of war or schemes of state?
 t thou recall to mind with joy or grief 5
 at Marlbrô's actions? that immortal chief,
 ose highest trophy, rais'd in each campaign,
 re than suffic'd to signalize a reign.
 s thy remembrance rising warm thy heart
 h glory past, where thou thyself had'st part? 10
 lost thou grieve, indignant, now to see
 : fruitless end of all thy victory?
 see th' audacious foe, so late subdu'd,
 ute those terms for which so long they su'd,

To beg
Be far that guilt! be no
That England should retract her rig
Or ceasing to be dreaded and ador'd,
Stain with her pen the lustre of her sword.
Or dost thou give the winds afar to blow
Each vexing thought and heart-devouring wo,
And fix thy mind alone on rural scenes,
To turn the levell'd lawns to liquid plains,
To raise the creeping rills from humble beds,
And force the latent springs to lift their heads,
On wat'ry columns capitals to rear,
That mix their flowing curls with upper air?
Or dost thou, weary grown, late works neglect
No temples, statues, obelisks, erect,
But catch the morning-breeze from fragrant
Or shun the noontide ray in wholesome shade
Or lowly walk along the mazy wood,
To meditate on all that's wise and good?
Beautiful, in thee has join'd
thy mind;



EPIST

low
flow ?
that chance,
rightful claim !
'd,
r sword
o blow
mouring we,
enes,
d plains,
mbie beds,
their heart

Graceful in form, and win
While well you think wh:
With health, with honour
A table free, and elegantly
What can be added more t
What can he want that sta
What can the fondest wish
Of Heav'n attentive for ha
And yet a happiness remai
Or to Philosophy reveal'd
A precept which, unpract

For by his name . . .

Borne like a lark upon this eagle's wing,
High as the spheres I will his triumph sing
High as the head of Fame; Fame, whose ear
From the deep vale extends up to the vault
A thousand talking tongues the monster be
A thousand waking eyes and ever open ear
Hourly she stalks with huge gigantick pace
Meas'ring the globe, like Time, with confidence
Yet shall she stay and bend to William's power
Of him her thousand ears shall hear triumph
Of him her tongues shall talk, on him her

III.

But, lo! a change astonishing my eyes!
And all around behold new objects rise!
What forms are these I see? and whence
Beings substantial? or does air condense,
To clothe in visionary shape my various

visions?



IV.

'Twas now, when flow'ry lawns the prospect made
And flowing brooks, beneath a forest's shade 45
A lowing heifer, loveliest of the herd,
Stood feeding by, while two fierce bulls prepar'd
Their armed heads for fight, by fate of war to prove
The victor worthy of the fair one's love;
Unthought preface of what met next my view! 50
For soon the shady scene withdrew;
And now for woods, and fields, and springing flow'rs,
Behold a town arise bulwark'd with walls and lofty
Two rival armies all the plain o'erspread, [tow'rs!
Each in battalia rang'd, and shining arms array'd;
With eager eyes beholding both from far 56
Namure! the prize and mistress of the war.

V.

Now thirst of conquest, and immortal fame,
Does every chief and soldier's heart inflame.
Defensive arms the Gallick forces bear, 60
While hardy Britons for the storm prepare;
For Fortune had with partial hand before
Resign'd the rule to Gallia's pow'r.
High on a rock the mighty fortress stands,
Founded by Fate, and wrought by Nature's hands;
A wondrous task it is th' ascent to gain, 66
Thro' craggy cliffs that strike the flight with pain,
And nod impending terrors o'er the plain.

(And great is num--
 Are join'd; on ev'ry side wide ex--
 Teeming with fire, and big with cert^a in
 Ready to hurl destruction from above,
 In dreadful roar mocking the wrath of Jov
 Thus fearful does the face of adverse Pow'
 But British forces are unus'd to fear:
 Tho' thus oppos'd they might, if William

VI.

But hark the voice of War! behold the flo
 The trumpets' clangour speaks in loud ala
 Mingling shrill notes with dreadful din
 Of cannons' burst and rattling clasp of ar
 Clamours from earth to heaven, from hea
 Distinction in promiscuous noise is drow
 And Echo lost in one continued sound.
 Torrents of fire from brazen mouths ar
 Follow'd by peals, as if each pole were
 the gulfs of Tartarus disg

IRREGULAR ODES.

With face serene dispensing dread commands,
Which heard with awe, are with delight obey'd
A thousand fiery deaths around him fly,
And burning balls his harmless by ;
For ev'ry fire his sacred head must spare,
Nor dares the lightning touch the laurels there. :

VIII.

Now many a wounded Briton feels the rage
Of missive fires that fester in each limb,
Which dire revenge alone has pow'r t' assuage ;
Revenge makes danger dreadful seem
And now with desp'rate force and fresh attack, 10
Thro' obvious deaths resistless way they make ;
Raising high piles of earth, and heap on heap they
And then ascend : resembling thus (as far [lay
As race of men inferiour may)
The fam'd gigantick war, 110
When those tall sons of Earth did heav'n aspire,
(A brave but impious fire !)
Uprooting hills with most stupendous hale,
To form the high and dreadful scale ;
The gods with horror and amaze look'd down, 115
Beholding rocks from their firm basis rent ;
Mountain on mountain thrown
With threat'ning hurl that shook th' ethereal firma
Attempt did fear in heav'n create ; [ment
'n Jove desponding sat, 120

Who turn'd

O'erwhelm'd these hills by William's
Mars on the gods did then his aid bestow,
And now in godlike William storms with

IX.

Still they proceed with firm unshaken pace
And hardy breasts oppos'd to Danger's face
With daring feet on springing mines they
Of secret sulphur in dire ambush laid,
Still they proceed, tho' all beneath the lab
Trembles to give the dread eruptions bir
Thro' this, thro' more, thro' all, they go
Mounting at last amidst the vanquish'd
See how they climb, and scale the steep
See how the Britons rise! see the retire
Now from the fort behold the yielding
And William's banner on the breach d

X.

Triumphant shouts from ev

Far is the sound of martial musick spread,
 Echoing thro' all the Gallick host,
 Whose num'rous troops the dreadful storm survey'd;
 But they, with wonder or with awe dismay'd, 150
 Unmov'd beheld the fortress lost;
 William their num'rous troops with terrour fill'd,
 Such wondrous charms can godlike valour show!
 Not the wing'd Perseus, with petrifick shield 154
 Of Gorgon's head, to more amazement charm'd his
 Nor when on soaring horse he flew to aid [see;
 And save from monster's rage the beauteous maid;
 Or more heroick was the deed,
 Or she to surer chains decreed,
 Then was Namure, till now by William freed. 160

XI.

Descend, my Muse! from thy too-daring height,
 Descend to earth, and ease thy wide-stretch'd wing;
 For weary art thou grown of this unwonted flight,
 And dost with pain of triumphs sing.
 More fit for thee resume thy rural reeds; 165
 For war let more harmonious harps be strung:
 Sing thou of love, and leave great William's deeds
 To him who sung the Boyne, or him to whom he sung.

O'erwhelm'd more than ever,
Mars on the gods did then his aid bestow,
And now in godlike William storms with equ

IX.

Still they proceed with firm unshaken pace,
And hardy breasts oppos'd to Danger's face.
With daring feet on springing mines they tread
Of secret sulphur in dire ambush laid,
Still they proceed, tho' all beneath the lab'ris
Trembles to give the dread eruptions birth:
Thro' this, thro' more, thro' all, they go,
Mounting at last amidst the vanquish'd foe.
See how they climb, and scale the steepy wall
See how the Britons rise! see the retiring G
Now from the fort behold the yielding flag
And William's banner on the breach displa

X.

Hark, the triumphant shouts from ev'ry wall

Far is the sound of martial musick spread,
 Echoing thro' all the Gallick host,
 Whose num'rous troops the dreadful storm survey'd;
 But they, with wonder or with awe dismay'd, 150
 Unmov'd beheld the fortrels lost;
 William their num'rous troops with terroure fill'd,
 Such wondrous charms can godlike valour show!
 Not the wing'd Perseus, with petrifick shield 154
 Of Gorgon's head, to more amazement charm'd his
 Nor when on soaring horse he flew to aid [foe;
 And save from monster's rage the beauteous maid;
 Or more heroick was the deed,
 Or she to surer chains decreed,
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HUNT,

ion cease,
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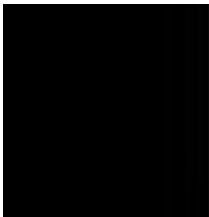
, dead.

life,

rife;

d try

15



IRREGULAR ONES.

Swiftly the gentle charmer flies,
And to the tender grief soft Air applies,
Which warbling mystick sounds
Cements the bleeding panter's wounds.
But, ah! beware of clam'rous moan;
Let no unpleasing murmur or harsh groan
Your slighted loves declare;
Your very tend'rest moving sighs forbear,
For even they will be too boist'rous here.
Hither let nought but sacred Silence come,
And let all-saucy Praise be dumb.

III.

And, lo! Silence himself is here;
Methinks I see the midnight god appear;
In all his downy pomp array'd,
Behold the rev'rend shade;
An ancient Sigh he sits upon,
Whose memory of sound is long since gone,
And purposely annihilated for his throne;
Beneath two soft transparent clouds do meet,
In which he seems to sink his softer feet;
A melancholy thought, condens'd to air,
Stol'n from a lover in despair,
Like a thin mantle serves to wrap
In fluid folds his visionary shape;
A wreath of darkness round his head he wears,
Where curling mists supply the want of hairs;

And silence now is drown'd
In ecstasy of sound.
How on a sudden the still air is charm'd,
As if all harmony were just alarm'd!
And ev'ry soul, with transport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
See how the heav'nly choir
Come flocking to admire,
And with what speed and care
Descending angels cut the thinnest air!
Haste then, come all th' immortal throng,
And listen to her song:
Leave your lov'd mansions in the sky,
And hither, quickly hither, fly:
Your loss of heav'n nor shall you need to fe
While she sings 'tis heav'n here.

V.

See how they crowd! see how the little che

IRREGULAR ODES.

45

e, then, ye Immortal Choir! 75
 sacred minstrel tune his lyre,
 with her voice in chorus join,
 voice which, next to yours, is most divine;
 the glad earth with heav'nly lays,
 that pitch th' eternal accents raise, 80
 only breath inspir'd can reach,
 which only she can learn and you can teach;
 we, charm'd with the lov'd excess,
 rapt in sweet forgetfulness
 of all, but of the present happiness, 85
 long for ever in that state to lie,
 or to be dying so, yet never die. 87

A DISCOURSE ON THE PINDAR

THE following Ode is an attempt towa
the regularity of the ancient lyric po
seems to be altogether forgotten or unki
English writers.

There is nothing more frequent amo
fort of poems entitled *Pindarick Odes*, p
be written in imitation of the manner
Pindar; and yet I do not know that th
day extant, in our language, one ode cor
his model. What idea can an English re
Pindar, (to whose mouth, when a child
brought their honey, in omen of the futu

* Pausan. Boeotic.

and melody of his songs) when he shall see such rumbling and grating papers of verses pretending to be copies of his works?

The character of these late Pindaricks is a bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, expressed in a like parcel of irregular stanzas, which also consist of such another complication of disproportioned, uncertain, and perplexed verses and rhymes; and I appeal to any reader if this is not the condition in which these titular odes appear.

On the contrary, there is nothing more regular than the Odes of Pindar, both as to the exact observation of the measures and numbers of his stanzas and verses, and the perpetual coherence of his thoughts: for tho' his digressions are frequent, and his transitions sudden, yet is there ever some secret connexion which, though not always appearing to the eye, never fails to communicate itself to the understanding of the reader.

The liberty which he took in his numbers, and which has been so misunderstood * and misapplied by

* For certainly they have utterly misunderstood Horace, L. iv. ode 2. who have applied *numeriq; & feruor lege solutus*, to all the odes of Pindar, which there expressly relates only to his Dithyrambicks, and which are all entirely lost. Nothing is plainer than the sense of Horace in that place. He says, Pindar deserves the laurel, let him write of what or in what manner soever, viz. first whether he writes Dithyrambicks, which break through the bounds prescribed to other odes; or, secondly, whether he writes of gods and heroes, their warlike achievements, &c.; or, thirdly, whether he sings of the victors in the Grecian games; or, lastly, whether he sings in honour of the dead, and writes elegies, &c.

his pretended mus-
zas in different odes, but as
are ever correspondent one to another
and according to the order of the ode.

All the Odes of Pindar which remain to us are
of triumph, victory, or success, in the Grecian
they were sung by a chorus, and adapted to
and sometimes to the lyre and pipe*; they con-
sist of three stanzas; the first was called the
from the version or circular motion of the
stanza was called the Antistrophé, from
version of the chorus, the singers in perfo-
turning from the left hand to the right
ways to their motion in the strophé; the
was called the Epode, (it may be as be-
song) which they sung in the middle, re-
to one hand nor the other.
What the origin was of these differ-
ing their odes is not

PINDARICK ODE.

finest to inquire. Some have thought that by variety of the strophé and antistrophé they to represent the contrarotation of the *prima* in respect of the *secunda mobilia*; and that standing still at the epode, they meant the stability of the earth. Others ascribe veneration to Theseus, who thereby expressed the windings and turnings of the labyrinth in celebrating his return from thence *.

The method observed in the composition of odes was therefore as follows: the poet having choice of a certain number of verses to compose the strophé or first stanza, was obliged to observe in his antistrophé or second stanza, and accordingly perpetually agreed, whenever repeated, in number of verses and quantity of feet: he was again at liberty to make a new choice for his third or epode; where, accordingly, he diversified the numbers as his ear or fancy led him, composing the third of more or fewer verses than the former, and the fourth of verses of different measures and quantities: thus affording greater variety of harmony, and entertaining the ear.

But then this epode being thus formed, the poet was strictly obliged to the same measure † as the strophé; and should repeat it in the order of his ode; for the

* Pind. Schol. et Schmid. ibid.

† Vid. Jul. Scal. poetic. ad. An. lib. iii. cap. 97.

sure and antistrophe and antistrophe.
The lyric poet Stesichorus
reckons amongst the ablest imitators
of whom Quintilian says †, that if he
kept within bounds he would have been no
any body in merit, to (Homer) was, if not
inventor of this order in the ode, yet so strict
ver of it in his compositions, that the third
of Stesichorus became a common proverb
a thing universally known. *Ne tria quid
negli?* so that when any one had a mind
another with excessive ignorance he could
more effectually than by telling him
“ so much as know the three stanzas
that is, did not know that an ode or
a strophe, an antistrophe and an
such a mark of ignorance among
“ we been pretty long liable to
“ of our imitation “

is practicable, and am sensible that I am as distant from the force and elevation of Pindar, as others have hitherto been from the harmony and regularity of his numbers.

Again, we having no chorus to sing in our odes, the titles, as well as use of strophé, antistrophé, and epode, are obsolete and impertinent; and certainly there may be very good English odes without the distinction of Greek appellations to their stanzas: that I have mentioned them here, and observed the order of them in the ensuing Ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the extraordinary regularity of the composition of those odes, which have been represented to us hitherto as the most confused structures in nature.

However, though there be no necessity that our triumphal odes should consist of the three aforementioned stanzas, yet if the reader can observe that the great variation of the numbers in the third stanza (call it epode or what you please) has a pleasing effect in the ode, and makes him return to the first and second stanzas with more appetite than he could do if

always employed with
 I cannot see why some use
 dar's example, to the great improve-
 lish ode. There is certainly a pleasure in
 any thing that has art and difficulty
 vance, especially if it appears so care-
 that the difficulty does not show itself till
 for, and that the seeming easiness of
 sets us upon the inquiry. Nothing can be cal-
 tiful without proportion. When symmetry
 mony are wanting, neither the eye nor the ear
 pleased: therefore certainly poetry, which
 painting and musick, should not be destitute
 and of all poetry, especially the ode, whose
 essence is harmony.

Mr. Cowley, in his preface to his Pind
 speaking of the musick of numbers, say
 "sometimes (especially in songs and
 "sometimes any thing else makes an excel-
 "and Mr. Cowley, it
 "could be

imitate Pindar in the strictness of his numbers, he has very often happily copied him in the force of his figures, and sublimity of his style and sentiments.

Yet I must beg leave to add, that I believe those Irregular Odes of Mr. Cowley may have been the principal, though innocent, occasion of so many deformed poems since, which instead of being true pictures of Pindar, have (to use the Italian painter's term) been only caricaturas of him; resemblances that for the most part have been either horrid or ridiculous.

For my own part, I frankly own my error in having heretofore miscalled a few irregular stanzas a Pindarick Ode; and possibly if others who have been under the same mistake would ingenuously confess the truth, they might own that, never having consulted Pindar himself, they took all his irregularity upon trust; and finding their account in the greatest ease with which they could produce odes without being obliged either to measure or design, remained satisfied, and it may be were not altogether unwilling to neglect being undeceived.

Though there be little (if any thing) left of Orpheus but his name, yet if Pausanias * was well informed, we may be assured that brevity was a beauty which he most industriously laboured to preserve in his Hymns; notwithstanding, as the same author reports, that they were but few in number.

* Boeotic. page 588.

The shortness of the
alone for the length of the
sure for the defects which may
confists of the same number of stanzas
beautiful ode of Pindar which is the first
thicks; and though I was unable to imitate
any other beauty, I resolved to endeavour to
brevity, and take the advantage of a remark
made in the last strophe of the same ode, which
in the paraphrase of Sudorius.

*Qui multa parca fringere commode
Movere, moventes hi facile insidias
Sperant, et artis mensq; pura
Omne superacuum reposit.*

O D E.

I.

PER of Memory, immortal Muse!
! what poet wilt thou chuse
's name to sing?
! wilt thou thy fire impart,
, thy voice, and tuneful art? 5
life sublime on thy ethereal wing,
'crate with dews of thy Castalian spring?

II.

thy aid the most aspiring mind
; beneath, to narrow flights confin'd,
to rise in vain, 10
can hope with equal lays
rate bright Virtue's praise.
obtain'd, ev'n I, the humblest swain,
nb Pierian heights, and quit the lowly plain.

III.

the starry orb is hung, 15
t Alcides' guardian arm,
p to which thy Orpheus sung,
ods, and rocks, and winds, could charm,
p which on Cyllene's shady hill,
'st the vocal shell was found, 20
re than mortal skill
Hermes taught to sound:
on bright Latona's son,
: persuasion won,

revealed to
t Spenser's lays
that immortal song,
sweet, as Milton strong,
mble Boyne o'er Tiber's flood com
ghty William sing with well-prop

III

air Augusta! lift thy head,
golden tow'rs thy front adorn;
forth, as comes from Titheon's bed
a cheerful ray the ruddy Morn.
y lovely form and fresh-reviving fl
crystal flood of Thames survey
en blest thy better fate,
's most auspicious sway.

PINDARICK ODES.

While distant realms and neighb'ring lands
Arm'd troops and hostile bands
On ev'ry side molest,
Thy happier clime is free,
Fair Capital of Liberty!
And plenty knows, and days of halcyon rest

I.

As Britain's isle, when old vex'd Ocean roars
Unshaken sees against her silver shores
His foaming billows beat;
So Britain's Queen, amidst the jars
And tumults of a world in wars,
Fix'd on the base of her well-founded state,
Serene and safe looks down, nor feels the

II.

But greatest souls, tho' blest with sweet repose
Are soonest touch'd with sense of others' woes
Thus Anna's mighty mind,
To mercy and soft pity prone,
And mov'd with sorrows not her own,
Has all her peace and downy rest resign'd,
To wake for common good, and succour hurt

III.

Fly, Tyranny! no more be known
Within Europa's blissful bound;
Far as th' uninhabitable zone
Fly ev'ry hospitable ground:

To horrid Zembla's frozen
 There with the baleful beldam, No
 Unpeopled empire share,
 And rob those lands of legal right;
 For now is come the promis'd hour
 When Justice shall have pow'r;
 Justice to earth restored,
 Again Astræa reigns!
 Anna her equal scale maintains,
 And Marlbrô wields her sure-deciding sword.

I
 Now couldst thou soar, my Muse! to sing the ma
 In heights sublime, as when the Mantuan swa
 Her tow'ring pinions spread,
 Thou shouldst of Marlbrô sing, whose hand,
 Unerring from his Queen's command,
 Far as the seven-mouth'd Isler's secret head
 To save th' Imperial state, her hardy Britc

II.
 And end; tho' all th
 the voi

What art could aid thy weary wing
 To keep the victor still in view?
 For as the sun ne'er stops his radiant flight,
 Nor sets, but with impartial ray
 To all who want his light 105
 Alternately transfers the day;
 So in the glorious round of fame
 Great Marlbrø! still the same,
 Incessant runs his course:
 'To climes remote and near 110
 His conqu'ring arms by turns appear,
 And universal is his aid and force.

I.

Attempt not to proceed, unwary Muse!
 For, O! what notes, what numbers, couldst thou chuse,
 Tho' in all numbers skill'd: 115
 To sing the hero's matchless deed
 Which Belgia sav'd and Brabant freed!
 To sing Ramillia's day! to which must yield
 Cannæ's illustrious fight, and fam'd Pharfalia's field.

II.

In the short course of a diurnal sun 120
 Behold the work of many ages done!
 What verse such worth can raise?
 Lustre and life the poet's art
 To middle virtue may impart;
 But deeds sublime, exalted high, like these, 125
 Transcend his utmost flight, and mock his distant praise.

g,
e,

e proce-
ed

alt end,

1885

toils,
d thy country's love. 140

To ha
Ambi
And f
To bl
Othe
Prov
To p
Th'

To the Right Hon.

THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN

LORD HIGH-TREASURER OF GREAT BRITAIN

Quemvis media erus turba :
Aut ob avaritiam, aut misera ambitione laborat.
Hunc capit argenti splendor
Hic mutat merces surgente a sole, ad eum quo
Vespertina tepet regio : quin per mala praeceps
Fertur
Omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poetas. HOR.

O D E.

I.

To hazardous attempts and hardy toils
Ambition some excites,
And some desire of martial spoils
To bloody fields invites ;
Others insatiate thirst of gain
Provokes to tempt the dang'rous main,
To pass the burning line, and bear
Th' inclemency of winds, and seas, and air
Pressing the doubtful voyage till India's shore
Her spicy bosom bares, and spreads her skin

II.

Nor widows' tears, nor tender orphans' cries
Can stop th' invader's force ;



II

Monstrous Typhæus thus new terrors fill,
 He who assail'd the skies, 4
 And now beneath the burning hill
 Of dreadful Ætna lies;
 Hearing the lyre's celestial sound,
 He bellows in th' abyfs profound;
 Sicilia trembles at his roar, 4
 Tremble the seas, and far Campania's shore,
 While all his hundred mouths at once expire
 Volumes of curling smoke and floods of liquid fire.

III

From heav'n alone all good proceeds;
 To heav'nly minds belong 5
 All pow'r and love, Godolphin! of good deeds,
 And sense of sacred song;
 And thus most pleasing are the Muse's lays
 To them who merit most her praise;
 Wherefore for thee her iv'ry lyce she strings, 5
 And soars with rapture while she sings.

I

Whether affairs of most important weight
 Require thy aiding hand,
 And Anna's cause and Europe's fate
 Thy serious thoughts demand; 6
 Whether thy days and nights are spent
 In cares, on publick good intent;

ENDRICK 60

er leisure hours in wit
y sports or to refin'd delight;
es residing, or to plains retir'd,
gen'rous steeds contest with emul

II.

e still she seeks, and tuneful sings thy
once she Theron sung,
nile with the deathless worthy's fame
lympian Pifa rung:
Nor less sublime is now her choice,
And now she loves aloft to found

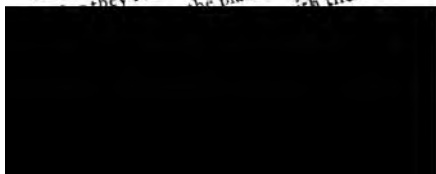
'The man for more than mortal deeds renown'd;
Varying anon her theme, she takes delight
The swift-heel'd horse to praise, and sing his rap
[fig'

III.

And see! the air-born racers start,
Impatient of the rein;

they run than flies the Seythian dart,
the plain!

ish their swiftne





PINDARICK ODES.

Of olive leaves a twisted wreath
To bind the victor's hair.
Pallas, in care of humankind,
The fruitful olive first design'd;
Deep in the glebe her spear she lan
When all at once the laden boughs
The gods with wonder view'd the
And all with one consent approv'd th

II.

This done, earth-shaking Neptune
In bounty to the world,
To emulate the Blue-ey'd maid,
: And his huge trident hurl'd
: Against the sounding beach; the str
: Transfix'd the globe, and open bro
The central earth, whence, swift as
Forth rush'd the first-born horse St
Neptune for human good the beast
Whom soon he tam'd to use, and ta

ALEX. Ah! wo too great! ah! theme which far ex-
The lowly lays of humble shepherds' reeds! [ceeds

O could I sing in verse of equal strain
With the Sicilian bard or Mantuan swain, 20
Or melting words and moving numbers chuse,
Sweet as the British Colin's Mourning Muse;
Could I, like him, in tuneful grief excel,
And mourn like Stella for her Astrophel;
Then might I raise my voice, (secure of skill) 25
And with melodious wo the vallies fill;
The list'ning Echo on my song should wait,
And hollow rocks Pastora's name repeat;
Each whistling wind and murm'ring stream should tell
How lov'd she liv'd, and how lamented fell. 30

MEN. Wert thou with ev'ry bay and laurel crown'd,
And high as Pan himself in song renown'd,
Yet would not all thy art avail to show
Verse worthy of her name or of our wo:
But such true passion in thy face appears, 35
In thy pale lips, thick sighs, and gushing tears,
Such tender sorrow in thy heart I read,
As shall supply all skill, if not exceed.

Then leave this common form of dumb distress,
Each vulgar grief can sighs and tears express; 40
In sweet complaining notes thy passion vent,
And not in sighs, but words explaining sighs, lament.

ALEX. Wild be my words, Menalcas, wild my
Articles as Nature's notes in birds untaught: [thought,

boundless my verse, -
Various as flow'rs on unfrequen-
And thou, Thalia! darling of my breath,
By whom inspir'd I sung at Comus' feast,
While in a ring the jolly rural throng
Have sat and smil'd to hear my cheerful song; 30
Begone, with all thy mirth and sprightly lays,
My pipe no longer now thy pow'r obeys:
Learn to lament, my Muse! to weep and mourn,
Thy springing laurels all to cypress turn;
Wound with thy dismal cries the tender air,
And beat thy snowy breast and rend thy yellow hair
Far hence, in unnoted wilds, thy dwelling chuse,
Begone, Thalia! Sorrow is my Muse.
" I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn "
No more these woods shall with her sight be
Nor with her feet these flow'ry plains be pre-
ore the winds shall with her tresses pla-
my breath steal sweets aw-
cally shall pass,

Lost is that day, which had from her its light,
For ever lost with her in endless night;
In endless night, and arms of Death, she lies; 75
Death in eternal shades has shut Pastora's eyes.

Lament, ye Nymphs! and mourn, ye wretched
Stray, all ye Flocks! and desert be, ye Plains! [Swains!
Sigh, all ye Winds! and weep, ye Crystal Floods!
Fade, all ye Flow'rs! and wither, all ye Woods! 80
"I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
"And fable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn."

Within a dismal grot, which damps surround,
All cold she lies upon th' unwholesome ground;
The marble weeps, and with a silent pace 85
Its trickling tears distil upon her face.
Falsely ye weep, ye Rocks! and falsely mourn,
For never will you let the nymph return:
With a feign'd grief the faithless tomb relents,
And like the crocodile its prey laments. 90

O she was heav'nly fair in face and mind!
Never in Nature were such beauties join'd:
Without all shining, and within all white;
Pure to the sense, and pleasing to the sight;
Like some rare flow'r, whose leaves all colours yield,
And op'ning is with sweetest odours fill'd. 96
As lofty pines o'ertop the lowly reed,
So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed;
To which excelling height she bore a mind
Humble as osiers bending to the wind. 100
Thus excellent she was—

Ah! wretched fate . . .
the Hills and

Ah! wretched fate . . .
ye Hills and Vallies . . .
dead, let Alb

Ah! wretched fate . . .
Help me, ye Hills and Vallies . . .
“ I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,”
“ And fable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.”
“ That blest earth on which her body lies,
That earth with fragrant sweets arise:
That earth with fragrant sweets arise:
That earth with fragrant sweets arise:

"I mourn clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
And fable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
From that blefs'd earth on which her body lies,
A blooming flow'rs with fragrant sweets arise:
The aromatick gum,
Which from her tomb:

From that blest'd earth with fragrant gum,
May blooming flow'rs with fragrance come,
Let Myrrha, weeping aromatick gum,
O'er her tomb shed her fragrant perfume:
Everliving laurel, shade her repast
And thy industrious bees repair their host

Let Myrrha, weeping
And everliving laurel, shade her tomb,
To gather all th' industrious bees repair,
To sigh, and leave their honeydew

Thither let all th' industrious
Unlade their thighs, and leave their train reft,
Thither let Fairies with their midnight f
Let their revels and their midnight f
Let their wailings waste the night

Unlade their things
Thither let Fairies and their midnight
Neglect their revels and their midnight
There in unusual wailings waste the night,
And watch her by the fiery glow-worm's light.
There may no dismal yew nor cypress grow
Nor bitter elder's bough;
Heild his nest,

And watch her by the fiery
'There may no dismal yew nor cypress
Nor holly bush, nor bitter elder's bough;
Each unlucky bird far build his nest,
Receive each howling b

Nor holly bush, nor bitter elder
Let each unlucky bird far build his nest,
And distant dens receive each howling beast;
And rapt'rous eagles, and their fellows bold,
And ravens put to flight,
And swarms of vultures, and their fellows bold,
And wolves begone, be ravens put to flight,
And swarms of vultures, and their fellows bold,
And wolves begone, be ravens put to flight,

Let each unlucky
And distant dens receive each
—elves begone, be ravens put to flight—
—le, and bats, that hate the
—their sorrows

And see, the heav'ns to weep in dew prepare,
 And heavy mists obscure the burden'd air;
 A sudden damp o'er all the plain is spread,
 Each lily folds its leaves, and hangs its head;
 On ev'ry tree the blossoms turn to tears, 135
 And ev'ry hough a weeping moisture bears;
 Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,
 And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces sloop.

The rocks are cleft, and new-descending rills
 Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills; 140
 The water-gods to floods their riv'lets turn: [urrt.
 And each with streaming eyes supplies his wanting
 The Fawns forsake the woods, the Nymphs the grove
 And round the plain in sad distractions rove,
 In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear, 145
 And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.

With their sharp nails themselves the Satyrs wound,
 And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief the
 Lo, Pan himself, beneath a blasted oak [ground.
 Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke; 150
 See Pales weeping, too, in wild despair,
 And to the piercing winds her bosom bare.

And see yond' fading myrtle, where appears
 The Queen of Love, all bath'd in flowing tears;
 See how she wrings her hands and beats her breast!
 And tears her useless girdle from her waist! 156
 Hear the sad murmurs of her sighing doves,
 For grief they sigh, forgetful of their loves!

Lo, Love himself, with
See how his sorrows swell his tears
His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,
And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping
Then lays his limbs upon the dying grass,
And all with tears bedews his beautiful face,
With tears, which from his folded lids arise,
And even Love himself has weeping eyes.
All Nature mourns; the floods and rocks deplore
And cry, with me, Pastora is no more!
"I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
"And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn."
The rocks can melt, and air in mists can mourn
And floods can weep, and winds to sighs can turn
The birds in songs their sorrows can disclose,
And Nymphs and Swains in words can tell their
But, oh! behold that deep and wild despair
Which neither winds can show, nor floods, nor
Great Shepherd, chief of all the flocks
Wide-extended plains
Earth

On whose soft pillows, lull'd in sweet delights,
He us'd in balmy sleep to lose the nights,

Ah! where is all that love and fondness fled?
Ah! where is all that tender sweetness laid? 190
To dust must all that heav'n of beauty come!
And must Pastora moulder in the tomb!
Ah, Death! more fierce and unrelenting far
Than wildest wolves or savage tigers are;
With lambs and sheep their hungers are appeas'd,
But ravenous Death the Shepherds has seiz'd. 196
"I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
"And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn."

But see, Menalcas, where a sudden light
With wonder stops my song and strikes my sight,
And where Pastora lies it spreads around, 201
Showing all-radiant bright the sacred ground,
While from her tomb behold a flame ascends
Of whitest fire, whose sight to heav'n extends;
On flaky wings it mounts, and quick as light 205
Cuts thro' the yielding air with rays of light,
Till the blue firmament at last it gains,
And fixing there a glorious star remains;
"Fairest it shines of all that light the skies,
"As once on earth were seen Pastora's eyes." 210



And Motion
The rising R
And rapid Rea
Ev'n Echo fea
Left Repetitio
The very Mo
Nor fann'd wi
As if the gentle

Ye Winds! who
And catch the sounds of sorrow
Tell me if e'er your tender pinions
Such weight of wo, such deadly sigh
Tell me, thou Earth! on whose wide
The wretched load is laid of humankind
Dost thou not feel thyself with
Lie all the dead so heavy on thy breast
When hoary Winter on thy shivering
His icy, cold, depressing hand, has laid
Hast thou not felt less chillness in
Do I not pierce thee with more
But why to thee do I relate my
Thou cruel Earth! my most regretted
Within whose darksome womb
Where all my joys are withered
What is 't to me tho' on thy
Eternal Winter should his horrid
num

Nor ever healing,

None, none were found when I began.

Nor wholesome herb was found nor healing

To ease Amyntas of his cruel pains ;

In vain I search'd the vallies, hills, and plains

But wither'd leaves alone appear'd to view,

Or pois'nous weeds, distilling deadly dew ;

And if some naked stalk, not quite decay'd,

To yield a fresh and friendly bud essay'd,

Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender shoot,

A shrieking mandrake kill'd it at the root.

Witness to this, ye Fawns of ev'ry wood !

Who at the prodigy astonish'd stood ;

Well I remember what sad signs ye made,

What show'rs of unavailing tears ye shed

How each ran fearful to his mossy cave,

When the last gasp the dear Amyntas gave

When the air was fill'd with dreadful

And the darke

For thee, Amyntas! all these pains
For thee these hands were wrung;
For thee my soul to sigh shall need,
These eyes to weep, this throbbed heart
To mourn thy fall I'll fly the height,
And hide my head in shades of night.
For thou wert light, and life, and joy,
The sun but thanks his shining ray;
Wert thou not lovely, graceful, true,
The joy of sight, the talk of ev'ry one,
Did ever branch so sweet a bloom
Or ever early fruit appear so soon,
Did ever youth so far his years
Did ever life so immaturely end,
For thee the tuneful swains prepare
And ev'ry Muse prepar'd thy praise to sing,
For thee the busy Nymphs sit down,
And weave their flow'rs with flowing song.

This said, her loud complaint of force she ceas'd,
 Excess of grief her falt'ring speech suppress'd :
 Along the ground her colder limbs she laid,
 Where late the grave was for Amyntas made, 125
 Then from her swimming eyes began to pour
 Of softly-falling rain a silver show'r ;
 Her loosely-flowing hair, all-radiant bright,
 O'erspread the dewy grass like streams of light ;
 As if the sun had of his beams been shorn, 130
 And cast to earth the glories he had worn :
 A sight so lovely sad, such deep distress
 No tongue can tell, no pencil can express.

And now the winds, which had so long been still,
 Began the swelling air with sighs to fill, 135
 The water-nymphs, who motionless remain'd,
 Like images of ice, while she complain'd,
 Now loos'd their streams, as when descending rains
 Roll the steep torrents headlong o'er the plains :
 The prone Creation, who so long had gaz'd, 140
 Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd,
 Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,
 Dismal to hear, and terrible to tell !
 Nothing but groans and sighs were heard around,
 And Echo multiply'd each mournful sound. 145

When all at once an universal pause
 Of grief was made, as from some secret cause.
 The balmy air with fragrant scents was fill'd,
 As if each weeping tree had gums distill'd :

And to my griefs a name

For thee, Amyntas! all these pains w

For thee these hands were wrung, these

For thee my soul to sigh shall never l

These eyes to weep, this throbbing h

To mourn thy fall I'll fly the hated l

And hide my head in shades of endles

For thou wert light, and life, and hea

The sun but thankless shines that shov

Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good

The joy of sight, the talk of ev'ry to

Did ever branch so sweet a blossom!

Or ever early fruit appear so fair?

Did ever youth so far his years trar

Did ever life so immaturely end?

For thee the tuneful swains provid

And ev'ry Muse prepar'd thy futu

For thee the busy Nymphs stripp'



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84

Such, if not sweeter, which swift ascended from Am
 Which th' Arabian bird her nest had fir'd
 As if th' Arabian bird her nest had fir'd
 And on the spicy pile were new expir'd
 And now the turf, which late was naked seen,
 Was sudden spread with lively springing green.
 And Amaryllis saw, with wond'ring eyes,
 A flow'ry bed, where she had wept, arise:
 Thick as the pearly drops the fair had shed
 The blowing buds advanc'd their purple head;
 From ev'ry tear that fell a violet grew,
 And thence their sweetness came, and thence
 Mournful hue.
 Remember this, ye Nymphs and gentle
 When solitude ye seek in gloomy shades,
 Or walk on banks where silent waters flow
 For there this lonely flow'r will love to grow
 Think on Amyntas oft' as ye shall stoop
 He stalks and take em softly
 His necks their swe
 a tender t



ELEGIES

TO CYNTHIA

WEeping AND NOT SPE

Why are those hours which Heaven
To longing love in fruitless sorrow
Why sighs my fair? why does that
With any passion stirr'd but rising
Can Discontent find place within?
On whose soft pillows ev'n Despair
Divide thy woes, and give me my
I am no stranger to an aching heart
Too well I know the force of inward
And well can bear it to give you rest
All love's severest pangs I can endure
I can bear pain, tho' hopeless of a cure
I know what 't is to weep, and sigh
To wake all night, yet dread the light
I know what 't is to wish, and hope
And meet, for humble love, unkind
Anger and hate I have been forc'd
Nay, jealousy——and I have felt
These pains for you I have been forc'd
For cruel you, when I began to love
Till warm compassion took at length
And melted to my wish your yield

etc. . . .
rows of your mind
—whence does arise
hence are these frequent sighs?
head, like a fair flow'r 41
s of a hard-falling show'r,
at of grief, and seem to grow
, and kiss the root of wo?
, and let me fold thee fast,
ms think all thy sorrows past;
think lighter made by me;
s, were I so held by thee.
aints, and gently wound my ear
, and let me drink thy tears;

Join to my cheek thy cold and dewy face,
 And let pale Grief to glowing Love give place.
 O speak—for wo in silence most appears;
 Speak, ere my fancy magnify my fears.
 Is there a cause which words cannot express? 55
 Can I not bear a part, nor make it less?
 I know not what to think—Am I in fault?
 I have not, to my knowledge, err'd in thought,
 Nor wander'd from my love, nor would I be
 Lord of the world to live depriv'd of thee. 60
 You weep afresh, and at that word you start!
 Am I to be depriv'd then?—must we part?
 Curse on that word, so ready to be spoke,
 For thro' my lips unmeant by me it broke.
 Oh! no; we must not, will not, cannot, part, 65
 And my tongue talks unprompted by my heart.
 Yet speak, for my distraction grows apace,
 And racking fears and restless doubts increase;
 And fears and doubts to jealousy will turn,
 The hottest hell in which a heart can burn. 70

O SLEEP! thou flatterer of happy
How soon a troubled breast thy falsehood
Thou common friend, officious in thy aid,
Where no distress is shown, nor want betray'd:
But, oh! how swift, how sure thou art to shun
The wretch by Fortune or by Love undone!
Where are thy gentle dews, thy softer pow'rs
Which us'd to wait upon my midnight hours
Why dost thou cease thy how'ring wings to
With friendly shade around my restless bed
Can no complainings thy compassion move
Is thy antipathy so strong to love?
O no! thou art the prosperous lover's friend
And dost uncall'd his pleasing toils attend
With equal kindness and with rival care
Thy slumbers lull him in his fair one's
From her bosom he to thine retire
And with ease the panting
his drooping

But why, dull God! do I of thee complain? 25
 'Thou didst not cause, nor canst thou ease, my pain.
 Forgive what my distracting grief has said,
 I own unjustly I thy sloth upbraid;
 For oft' I have thy proffer'd aid repell'd,
 And my reluctant eyes from rest withheld, 30
 Implor'd the Muse to break thy gentle chains,
 And sung with Philomel my nightly strains:
 With her I sing, but cease not with her song,
 For more enduring woes my lays prolong.
 The morning lark to mine accords his note, 35
 And tunes to my distress his warbling throat;
 Each setting and each rising sun I mourn,
 Wailing alike his absence and return;
 And all for thee—What had I well-nigh said?
 Let me not name thee, thou too charming Maid! 40
 No—as the wing'd musicians of the grove,
 Th' associates of my melody and love,
 In moving sounds alone relate their pain,
 And not with voice articulate complain;
 So shall my Muse my tuneful sorrows sing, 45
 And lose in air her name from whom they spring.
 O may no wakeful thoughts her mind molest,
 Soft be her slumbers, and sincere her rest;
 For her, O Sleep! thy balmy sweets prepare;
 The peace I lose for her to her transfer. 50
 Hush'd as the falling dews, whose noiseless show'rs
 Impearl the folded leaves of ev'ning flow'rs,

ly'd they burn:
they display,
ptoms of decay: 10
y decline,
to shine,
o aspire
their fire;
and equal awe, 15
e withdraw,
er eyes disclose,
neir being first arose. 18

SONGS.

SONG I.

I.

I look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I could speak,
And very fain would have been at her;
But when I strove most my fond passion to break,
Still then I said least of the matter. 4

II.

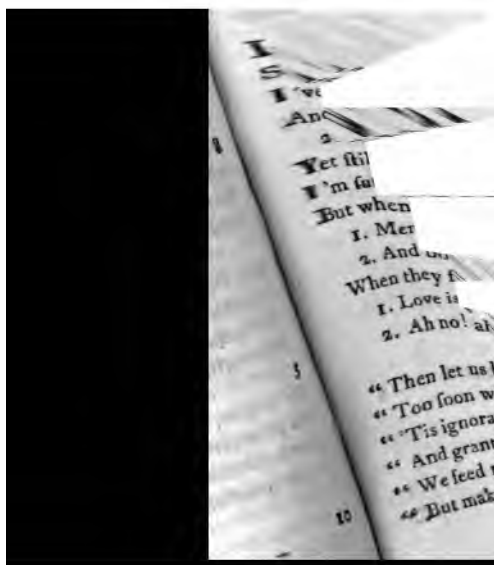
I swore to myself, and resolv'd I would try
Some way my poor heart to recover;
But that was all vain, for I sooner could die
Than live with forbearing to love her. 8

III.

Dear Celia! be kind then; and since your own eyes
By looks can command adoration,
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise
Those ogling that tell you my passion. 12

IV.

We 'll look, and we 'll love, and tho' neither should
The pleasure we 'll still be pursuing; [speak,
And so, without words, I do n't doubt we may make
A very good end of this wooing. 16



SONGS.

You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind;
I take her body, you her mind,
Who has the better bargain?

SONG IV. IN DIALOGUE.

FOR TWO WOMEN.

I LOVE, and am belov'd again,
Strephon no more shall sigh in vain;
I've try'd his faith, and found him true,
And all my coyness bid adieu.

2. I love, and am belov'd again,
Yet still my Thyrsis shall complain;
I'm sure he's mine while I refuse him,
But when I yield I fear to lose him.

1. Men will grow faint with tedious fastin

2. And both will tire with often tasting,
When they find the bliss not lasting.

1. Love is complete in kind possessing.

2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the blessing.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

"Then let us beware how far we consent;
"Too soon when we yield to late we repent
" 'Tis ignorance makes men admire;
" And granting desire
" We feed not the fire,
" But make it more quickly expire."

ta! can you see
orn which you betray'd?
f ne'er vanquish'd me,
: eyes the conquest made.

II.

re the traitor lay,
led by faithless smiles:
are so lost as they
security beguiles.

SONG VI.

I.

e wakes, Sabina wakes!
he sun begins to rise;
us is the Morn that breaks
right beams than her fair eyes.

II.

t united day they give,
ent fates ere night fulfil:
ay by his warmth will live!

SONG VII.

I.

Pious Selinda goes to pray'rs
If I but ask the favour,
And yet the tender fool 's in tears
When she believes I'll leave her.

4

II.

Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her;
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner.

8

nt theatres.
our forefathers' age,
and Athenian stage.
ve'll not presume to
r audience will exce
me nor Athens seen
o bright a Queen.
fes' land been over
nd stormy winters p
l, and thrown in sh
nd almost void of li
y plant, of nature b
ngly with the killin
o' opposition grow,
warmer kept by sn

But what shot forth then draws the danger near,
On ev'ry side the gath'ring winds appear, 20
And blasts destroy that fruit which frosts would
spare: }

But now new vigour and new life it knows,
And warmth, that from this royal presence flows.

O would she shine with rays more frequent here!
How gay would then this drooping land appear! 25
Then like the sun with pleasure she might view
The smiling earth cloth'd by her beams anew:
O'er all the meads should various flow'rs be seen.
Mix'd with the laurel's never-fading green, }
The new creation of a gracious Queen. 30

PROLOGUE.

TO

PYRRHUS KING OF EPIRUS.

Our age has much improv'd the warrior's art, }
For fighting now is thought the weakest part,
And a good head more useful than a heart. }
'his way of war does our example yield;
'hat stage will win which longest keeps the field. 5
'e mean not battle when we bid defiance,
it starving one another to compliance.
ur troops encamp'd are by each other view'd,
d those which first are hungry are subdu'd.

And there, in u-
They conquer who cut. on
Let fools with knocks and bruises
Our war and trade is to outwit each
But hold; will not the politicians
That both our conduct and our foreign
To raise recruits, and draw new force
Thus in the dead vacation of the Town
To muster up our rhymes without our
And forage for an audience out of sea
Our Author's fears must this false ste
'Tis the first flight of a just-feather'
Th' occasion ta'en when criticks ar
Half wits and beaus, those rav'nov
But, Heav'n be prais'd, far hen
wrath,

Mauling in mild lampeen th' in
'Thus does our Author his first fl
Thus against friends at first wit
crack try'd

TO THE

COMEDY WRITTEN BY MR. J. DAYDEN, JUNIOR.

1775 year has been remarkable two ways,
 For blooming poets and for blasted plays.
 We've been by much appearing plenty mock'd,
 At once both tantaliz'd and overstock'd.
 Our authors, too, by their success of late,
 Begin to think third days are out of date.
 What can the cause be that our plays wont keep,
 Unless they have a rot some years, like sheep?
 For our parts, we confess we're quite ashamed
 To read such weekly bills of poets damn'd.
 Each parish knows 't is but a mournful case
 When christ'nings fall and funerals increase.
 Thus 't is, and thus 't will be when we are dead,
 There will be writers which will ne'er be read.
 Why will you be such wits, and write such things?
 You're willing to be wasps, but want the stings.
 Let not your spleen provoke you to that height;
 'Od's life! you don't know what you do, Sirs, when
 you write.



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our seas: } A
was sent; #
ry meant:
chuse,
his Muse.
nds,
pend; 45

PROLOGUES:

97

I hope some kindness may be shown,
 greater merit than his own,
 the fire may for the son atone.
 is last refuge; if the play do n't take,
 young Dryden for his father's sake.

}
}

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PROLOGUE

TO THE COURT,

ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, 1704.

My Muse, to this high scene preferr'd,
 shall in loftier strains be heard,
 aiming to transcend her usual theme,
 of virtue and heroick fame:
 shall she toil upon the stage,
 less war with vice and folly wage;
 in mean disguise she shall appear,
 as she would reform be forc'd to wear;
 ignorance and Malice join to blame,
 break the mirror that reflects their shame.

5

10

then she shall pursue a nobler talk,
 bright virgin-face, and scorn the Satyr's
 for future days! which are design'd [mask.
 to paint the beauties of the mind;
 originals to draw with care,
 from the Court a faultless fair:

15

She knows not where to fix
Yet still ambitious of the day
One only awes her with fug
From that attempt the conf
Nor to inimitable worth as
But secretly applauds, and i

Hence she reflects upon t
That first enliven'd this au
On that bright star to whos
We owe the blessings of the
Concurring omens of propi
Bore, with one sacred birth
Whence we derive whatever
By foreign conquest or dom

Then, Britain! then thy d
Then broke the morn that li
Then was it doom'd whose c
And by whose arm the Chri
Then the fierce foe was preo
And then the battle won at B

POKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

W HATEVER future fate our house may find,
At present we expect you should be kind;
Inconstancy itself can claim no right
Before enjoyment and the wedding-night.
You must be fix'd a little ere you range;
You must be true till you have time to change.
A week at least; one night is sure too soon,
But we pretend not to a honey-moon.
To novelty we know you can be true,
But what, alas! or who, is always new?
This day, without presumption we pretend
With novelty entire you're entertain'd;
For not alone our house and scenes are new,
Our song and dance; but ev'n our actors too.
Our play itself has something in 't uncommon;
It is a new man.

EPILOGUE

TO

OROONOKO.

SPOKEN BY MRS. VERBRUGGE

You see we try all shapes, and shifts, and
To tempt your favours and regain your love
We weep, and laugh, join mirth and grief
Like rain and sunshine mix'd in April weather
Your different tastes divide our poet's care
One foot the sock, t' other the buskin wear
Thus while he strives to please, he's forc'd
Like Velleius, hip-hop in a single boot.
Criticks, he knows, for this may damn him
But he makes feasts for friends, and not for

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DESCEND, celestial Muse! thy son inspir'd
Of thee to sing; infuse the holy fire.
Belov'd of gods and men! thyself disclose
Say from what source thy heav'nly pow'r
Which from unnumber'd years deliv'ring
The deeds of heroes deathless in renown,
Extends their life and fame to ages yet unborn
Time and the Muse set forth with equal run
At once the rivals started to the race;
And both at once the destin'd course shall run
Or both to all eternity contend;
One to preserve what t' other cannot save
And rescue virtue rising from the grave.
To thee, O Montague! these strains are sung
For thee my voice is tun'd and speaking lyr

MISCELLANIES.

For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine,
In thee their various fires united shine,
Darling of Phœbus and the tuneful Nine !
To thee alone I dare my song commend,
Whose nature can forgive and pow'r defend
And thou by turns the patron and the friend

Begin, my Muse ! from Jove derive thy song
Thy song of right does first to Jove belong ;
For thou thyself art of celestial seed,
Nor dare a fire inferiour boast the breed.
When first the frame of this vast ball was made
And Jove with joy the finish'd work survey
Vicissitude of things, of men and states,
Their rise and fall, were destin'd by the Fate
Then Time had first a name, by firm decree
Appointed lord of all futurity,
Within whose ample bosom Fates repose
Causes of things, and secret seeds inclose,
Which rip'ning there shall one day gain a birth
And force a passage thro' the teeming earth
To him they give to rule the spacious light,
And bound the yet unparted day and night ;
To wing the hours that whirl the rolling sphere
To shift the seasons, and conduct the year.
Duration of dominion and of pow'r
To him prescribe, and fix each fated hour.
'Tis his mighty rule to Time the Fates ordain,
But yet to hard conditions bind his reign ;

ev'ry beauteous birth he drew,
How good foe'er and grateful in his use
He must again to native earth restore,
And all his race with iron-teeth devour :
Nor good nor great shall 'scape his hungry maw,
But bleeding Nature prove the rigid law.
Not yet the loosen'd earth aloft was hung ;
Or pois'd amid the skies in balance hung ;
Nor yet did golden fires the sun adorn,
Or borrow'd lustre silver Cynthia's horn ;
Nor yet had Time commission to begin,
Or Fate the many-twisk'd web to spin ;
When all the heav'nly host assembled came
To view the world yet resting on its frame ;
Eager they press to see the Sire diffuse,
And roll the globe along the vast abyss.
When deep revolving thoughts the God
Which for a space suspend the promis'd scene
Set his eyes on Time intently low
To see his own's universal book ;
To see the time he dispos'd
To see the time he dispos'd

'The fourth yet wears a worse and browner face,
And adds to gloomy days an Iron race.

He turns the book, and ev'ry age reviews,
Then all the kingly line his eye pursues; 75
The first of men, and Lords of Earth design'd,
Who under him should govern humankind.
Of future heroes there the lives he reads,
In search of glory spent and godlike deeds,
Who empires found, and goodly cities build, 80
And savage men compel to leave the field.

All this he saw, and all he saw approv'd;
When, lo! but thence a narrow space remov'd,
And hungry Time has all the scene defac'd,
The kings destroy'd, and laid the kingdoms waste;
Together all in common ruins lie, 86
And but anon, and ev'n the ruins die.

Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, compassion found,
To see great actions in oblivion drown'd,
And forward search'd the roll, to find if Fate 90
Had no reserve to spare the good and great.
Bright in his view the Trojan heroes shine,
And Ilian structures rais'd by hands divine;
But Ilium soon in native dust is laid,
And all her boasted pile a ruin made; 95
Nor great Æneas can her fall withstand,
But flies, to save his gods, to foreign land.
The Roman race succeed the Dardan state,
And first and second Cæsar, godlike great.

on to after-days his eyes see.
And rising heroes still the search attend,
Proceeding thus he many empires past,
When fair Britannia fix'd his sight at last.
Above the waves she lifts her silver head,
And looks a Venus born from Ocean's bed.
For rolling years her happy fortunes smile,
And fates propitious bless the beauteous isle:
To worlds remote she wide extends her reign,
And wields the trident of the stormy main.
Thus on the base of empire firm she stands,
While bright Eliza rules the willing lands.
But soon a low'ring sky comes on apace,
And fate revers'd shows an ill-omen'd face;
The void of heav'n a gloomy horror fills,
And cloudy veils involve her shining hills;
Of greatest pass'd no footsteps she retains,
Sunk in a series of inglorious reigns.
The change, and deep reverts the
And her diminish'd name
To shroud by

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in seas the beamy ball descends,
 its course to fair Britannia bends :
 foamy main the billows bear 130
 ng fire, and waft the flaming sphere.
 ry Omen ! hail, auspicious Sight !
 ious guide to yet a greater light ;
 prince, whom dazzling arms array,
 closely ploughs the wat'ry way, 135 }
 ie glory thro' the flaming sea.
 is ! rise ; awake, O fairest Isle !
 sleep ; again thy fortunes smile.
 e look up, the mighty man behold,
 gn renews the former Age of Gold. 140
 at length the blissful web have spun,
 round in endless circles run :
 ll distant lands confess thy sway,
 wat'ry world thy rule obey ;
 martial sons shall thirst for fame, 145
 n foreign fields a deathless name ;
 m's genius ev'ry soul inspires,
 is the frozen youth with warlike fires.
 ee ! the hostile troops retreat,
 forewarn'd of their impending fate ; 150
 outed foes his fury feel,
 e force of his unerring steel.
 nty Gaul, who well till now might boast
 is sword and unresist'd host,

And ev'ry rolling surge resides in peace.

And now the sacred leaf a landscape we
Where heav'n serene, and air unmov'd, ap
The rose and lily paint the verdant plains,
And palm and olive shade the sylvan scene.
The peaceful Thames beneath his banks al
And soft and still the silver surface glides;
The zephyrs fan the fields, the whisp'ring
With fragrant breath remurmurs thro' the

MISCELLANIES.

2 The warbling birds, applauding new
2 In wanton measures wing their airy
2 Above the floods the finny race repa
2 And bound aloft, and bask in upper
2 They gild their scaly backs in Phœb
2 And scorn to skim the level of the fir
2 Whole Nature wears a gay and joyous
2 And blooms and ripens with the fruit

2 No more the Lib'ring hind regrets
2 But cheerfully manures the grateful
2 Secure, the glebe a plenteous crop w
2 And golden Ceres grace the waving
2 Th' advent'rous man, who durst the d
2 Oppose the winds, and tempt the sb
2 Beneath his roof now tastes unbroke
2 Enough with native wealth and pler

2 No more the forward youth pursu
2 Nor leaves the sacred arts for stubbo
2 No more the mothers from their ho
2 Nor weeping maids the promis'd lo
2 No more the widows' shrieks and or
2 Torment the patient air and pierce t
2 But peaceful joys the prosp'rous tim
2 And banish'd Virtue is again restor'd
2 And he whose arms alone sustain'd t
2 And propp'd the nodding frame of l
2 By whose illustrious deeds her lend
2 Have honours lost retriev'd, and nev

And those it taught.

Proceeding on, the Father still unfe
Succeeding leaves, and brighter still b
The latest seen the fairest seems to shin
Yet sudden does to one more fair refig
Th' Eternal paus'd——

Nor would Britannia's fate beyond ex
Enough he saw besides the coming sto
Enough the hero had already done,
And round the wide extent of glory re
Nor further now the shining path purf
But like the sun the same bright race r

And shall remorseless Fates on him l
Or Time unequally such worth devour
Then wherefore shall the brave for san
Why is this man distinguish'd from the
Whose soaring genius now sublime asp
And deathless fame, the due reward, r
——— his exalted virtue v

Ne'er did his pow'r produce so bright a child,
 On whose creation infant Nature smil'd ;
 Perfect at first, a finish'd form she wears, 240
 And youth perpetual in her face appears.
 Th' assembled gods, who long expecting staid,
 With new delight gaze on the lovely maid,
 And think the wish'd-for world was well delay'd. }
 Nor did the Sire himself his joy disguise, 245
 But stedfast view'd, and fix'd, and fed his eyes :
 Intent a space, at length he silence broke,
 And thus the God the heav'nly fair bespoke.

“ To thee, immortal Maid ! from this blest'd hour,
 “ O'er time and fame I give unbounded pow'r. 250
 “ Thou from oblivion shalt the hero save ;
 “ Shalt raise, revive, immortalize, the brave.
 “ To thee the Dardan prince shall owe his fame ;
 “ To thee the Cæsars their eternal name.
 “ Eliza, sung by thee, with Fate shall strive, 255
 “ And long as time in sacred verse survive.
 “ And yet, O Muse ! remains the noblest theme ;
 “ The first of men, mature for endless fame,
 “ Thy future songs shall grace, and all thy lays,
 “ Thenceforth, alone shall wait on William's praise :
 “ On his heroick deeds thy verse shall rise ; 260
 “ Thou shalt diffuse the fires that he supplies :
 “ Thro' him thy songs shall more sublime aspire,
 “ And he thro' them shall deathless fame acquire :

Again impetuous—
The father now within his spacious hand
Encompass'd all the mingled mafs of fea
And having heav'd aloft the pond'rous f
He launch'd the world to float in ambien

THE RECONCILIATION

RECITATIVE.

FAIR Celia love pretended,
And nam'd the myrtle bow'r,
Where Damon long attended
Beyond the promis'd hour.
At length impatient growing
Of anxious expectation.
His heart with rage o'erflowing,
He vented thus his passion.

ODE.

— beautiful

RECITATIVE.

But Celia now repenting
 Her breach of assignation,
 Arriv'd with eyes consenting,
 And sparkling inclination. 20
 Like Citherea smiling,
 She blush'd, and laid his passion;
 The shepherd ceas'd reviling,
 And sung this recantation.

PALINODE.

"How engaging, how endearing,
 "Is a lover's pain and care! 25
 "And what joy the nymph's appearing
 "After absence or despair!
 "Women wife increase desiring,
 "By contriving kind delays, 30
 "And advancing or retiring,
 "All they mean is more to please." 32

THE PETITION.

GRANT me, gentle Love! said I,
 One dear blessing ere I die;
 Long I've borne excess of pain,
 Let me now some bliss obtain.
 Thus to almighty Love I cry'd, 5
 When angry, thus the god reply'd:

me'er
om Absence,

AMORET.

I.

Amoret is gone astray,
Pursue and seek her ev'ry lover;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wand'ring shepherdess discover.

II.

Coquette and coy at once her air,
Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected;
Careless she is, with artful care
Affecting to seem unaffected.

III.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,
 Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em,
 For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
 Tho' certain aim and art direct 'em.

12

IV.

She likes herself, yet others hates
 For that which in herself she prizes;
 And while she laughs at them, forgets
 She is the thing that she despises.

16

LESBIA.

WHEN Lesbia first I saw so heav'nly fair,
 With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,
 I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
 As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire; 4
 But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
 Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,
 Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthrall'd her tongue unbound. 8

W. 100 p. 100

Her sparkling eyes she still retains
And teeth, in good repair,
And her well-furnish'd front disdain
To grace with borrow'd hair.

Of size she is nor short nor tall,
And does to fat incline
No more than what the French wor
Aimable embonpoint.

Farther her person to disclose
I leave—let it suffice
She has few faults but what she kno
And can with skill disguise.

She many lovers has refus'd,
With many more comply'd,
Which like her clothes when little
She always lays aside.

She's one who looks with great

And creature.

MISCELLANIES.

Whom she refuses she treats still
With so much sweet behaviour,
That her refusal, thro' her skill,
Looks almost like a favour.

Since she this softness can express
To those whom she rejects,
She must be very fond, you'll guess
Of such whom she affects.

But here our Doris far outgoes
All that her sex have done;
She no regard for custom knows,
Which reason bids her shun.

By reason her own reason's meant,
Or, if you please, her will;
For when this last is discontent,
The first is serv'd but ill

Peculiar, therefore, is her way;
Whether by Nature taught
I shall not undertake to say,
Or by experience bought.

But who o'er night obtain'd her grace,
She can next day disown,
And stare upon the strange man's face
As one she ne'er had known.

So well she can the truth disguise,
Such artful wonder frame,
The lover or distrusts his eyes,
Or thinks 't was all a dream.

...out thanks nor asks:
For all her favours done
From her love flows; as light
Spontaneous from the sun.
On one or other still her fire
Display their genial force,
And she, like Sol, alone retires
To shine elsewhere of course.

A HYMN TO HA

IN HONOUR C

S T. CECILIA'S DA

SET TO MUSICK BY MR. JC

I.

O HARMONY! to thee we sing,
To thee the grateful tribute bring

The planetary orbs thy rule obey,
And tuneful roll unerring in their way,
Thy voice informing each melodious sphere.

10

CHORUS.

"All hail to thee
"All-pow'rful Harmony!"

II.

Thy voice, O Harmony! with awful sound
Could penetrate th' abyss profound,
Explore th' realms of ancient Night,
And search the living fource of unborn light.
Confusion heard thy voice and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.
Then didst thou, Harmony! give birth
To this fair form of heav'n and earth;
Then all those shining worlds above
In mystick dance began to move
Around the radiant sphere of central fire,
A never-ceasing never-silent choir.

I

CHORUS.

"Confusion heard thy voice and fled,
"And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head."

III.

Thou only, Goddess! first couldst tell
The mighty charms in Numbers found,
And didst to heav'nly minds reveal
The secret force of tuneful sound.
When first Cyllenius form'd the lyre,
Thou didst the god inspire;



...cease,

... great inspire :
revive the melancholy drooping heart,
and soft repose to restless thoughts impart.
appease the wrathful mind,
O dire revenge and death inclin'd ;
'ith balmy sounds his boiling blood assuage,
and melt to mild remorse his burning rage.
'Tis done ; and now tumultuous passions cease, 7
and all is hush'd, and all is peace :
the weary world with welcome ease is blest,
musick lull'd to pleasing rest.

CHORUS.

'Tis done ; and now tumultuous passions cease,
and all is hush'd, and all is peace : 75
the weary world with welcome ease is blest,
musick lull'd to pleasing rest."

VI.

weet repose, too soon



MISCELLANIES:

113

the starry sphere; 110
 with holy rapture fill'd,
 rld of care.
 han all the Muses skill'd!
 f to her must yield,
 lay down 115
 p and laurel crown.
 te lyre is drown'd
 an's more majestic sound.
 elling notes ascend the skies,
 th the swelling notes supplies, 120
 her name
 e tuneful frame,
 musick never dies.

GRAND CHORUS.

e than all the Muses skill'd!
 felf to her must yield, 125
 et lay down
 arp and laurel crown.
 vate lyre is drown'd
 rgan's more majestic sound.
 welling notes ascend the skies, 130
 ath the swelling notes supplies,
 as her name
 the tuneful frame,
 l musick never dies." 134

VERSES IN COMMENDATION OF

which was written in praise of and

HARD is the task, and bold the adven
Of him who dares in praise of Beauty
For when to that high theme our thou
'Tis to detract, too poorly to commen
And he who praising Beauty, does no
May boast to be succes-ful in his song;
But when the fair themselves approve
And one accepts, and one vouchsafes to
His wide ambition knows no farther b
Nor can his Muse with brighter fame l

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF

And aged men, whose lives exceed the space
Which seems the bound prescrib'd to mortal race,
With hoary heads their short experience grieve, 5
As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live:
So hard it is true knowledge to attain,
So frail is life, and fruitless human pain!
Whoe'er on this reflects, and then beholds,
With strict attention, what this Book unfolds, 10
With admiration struck, shall question who
So very long could live so much to know?
For so complete the finish'd piece appears,
That learning seems combin'd with length of years,
And both improv'd by purest wit, to reach 15
At all that study or that time can teach.
But to what height must his amazement rise
When having read the Work, he turns his eyes
Again to view the foremost op'ning page,
And there the beauty, sex, and tender age, 20
Of her beholds, in whose pure mind arose
Th' ethereal source from whence this current flows!
When prodigies appear our reason fails,
And superstition o'er philosophy prevails.
Some heav'nly minister we straight conclude, 25
Some angel-mind with female form indu'd,
To make a short abode on earth, was sent,
(Where no perfection can be permanent)
And having left her bright example here,
Was quick recall'd, and bid to disappear. 30

...aven play...
another voice like thine,
with skill divine,
some hopes might have,
thee from the grave.

PITAPH

WINSTON OF STANTON HAR-
B. AND ROBERT HIS SON.

mb does now contain
together laid,
ues shall remain
this are quite decay'd.

- ✠ What man should be, to ripeness grown,
- ✠ And finish'd worth should do or shun,
- ✠ At full was in the father shown,
- ✠ What youth could promise in the son. 8

But Death, obdurate, both destroy'd
 The perfect fruit and op'ning bud ;
 First seiz'd those sweets we had enjoy'd,
 Then robb'd us of the coming good. 12

the mountain-tops around,
with fur of ermins crown'd;
O! how by degrees
universal mantle hides the trees
dry flakes which downward fly,
it were the autumn of the sky!
How can the groves sustain the weight
of aged limbs, which feebly go
with a venerable head of snow.

II.

How cold does the whole earth invade,
a disease thro' all its veins 't is spread;
each late living stream is numb'd and
melt the frozen hours, make warm
and cheerless fires Sol's feeble beams rep

IMITATIONS.

Fill the large bowl with sparkling wine;
Let's drink till our own faces shine,
Till we like suns appear
To light and warm the hemisphere.
Wine can dispense to all both light and heat,
They are with wine incorporate;
That pow'rful juice, with which no cold dares
Which still is fluid, and no frost can fix,
Let that but in abundance flow,
And let it storm and thunder, hail and snow;
'Tis heav'n's concern; and let it be
The care of Heav'n fit ll for me.
These winds, which rend the oaks and plough the
Great Jove can, if he please,
With one commanding nod appease.

III.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom;
That is not ours which is to come.
The present moment's all our store;
The next should Heav'n allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our life is but one instant now,
Look on each day you've past
To be a mighty treasure won,
And lay each moment out in haste;
We're sure to live too fast,
And cannot live too soon.

130
Youth does a thousand things
Which from decrepitude age
The flowers that flourish in the sun
In Winter's cold embraces die.

14.

Now Love, that everlasting boy! invites
To revel while you may in soft delights:
Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful arms.
Slowly she promises at night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the hour with swifter feet
To gloomy groves and obscure shades she flies
There veils the bright confession of her eyes
Unwillingly she flies,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in soft sighs conveys
The whispers of her heart.
Still she invites and still denies,
And vows she'll leave you if you're
From her ravisher she flies,
Useful'd: herself

STANZAS

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE, LIB. II ODE XIV.

*Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni, &c.*

I.

AN! no, 't is all in vain, believe me 't is,
This pious artifice:

Not all these pray'rs and alms can buy
One moment tow'rd eternity.

Eternity! that boundless race

5

Which Time himself can never run,

(Swift as he flies with an unwearied pace)

Which, when ten thousand thousand years are done,
Is still the same, and still to be begun.

Fix'd are those limits which prescribe

10

A short extent to the most lasting breath;

And tho' thou couldst for sacrifice lay down

Millions of other lives to save thy own,

'T were fruitless all; not all would bribe

One supernumerary gasp from Death.

15

II.

In vain 's thy inexhausted store

Of wealth, in vain thy pow'r;

Thy honours, titles, all must fail,

Where piety itself can nought avail.

The rich, -
Must all be huddled -
With the most vile and ignominious
And undistinguish'd lie in dust.
In vain the fearful flies alarms,
In vain he is secure from wounds of arms,
In vain avoids the faithless seas,
And is confin'd to home and ease,
Bounding his knowledge to extend his day,
In vain are all those arts we try,
All our evasions and regret to die;
From the contagion of mortality
No cline is pure, no air is free;
And no retreat
Is so obscure as to be hid from Fate.

III.

Thou must, alas! thou must, my Friend
(The very hour thou now dost spend
In studying to avoid brings on thy
Thou must forego the dearest joy
- bottom of thy tears
- grin

IMITATION

Nought shalt thou save,
Or but a sprig of rosemary shal
To wither with thee in the gra
The rest shall live and flourish,
Their transitory master dead.

IV.

Then shall thy long-expecting
A joyful mourning wear,
And riot in the waste of that el
Which thou hast taken so much
All thy hid stores he shall unfo
And set at large thy captive ge
That precious wine, condemn'
To vaults and prisons, shall ag
Bury'd alive tho' now it lies,
Again shall rise,
Again its sparkling surface sho
And free as element profusely
With such high food he shall fe
That Cardinals shall wish to be
And pamper'd prelates see
Themselves outdone in luxury

The Argument Introduc

HECTOR'S body, after he was slain, remained
Achilles, for which Priam made great lament
and made great loss to comfort him, and dire
cted him to go to Achilles' tent, and how he
met him, and his son. Priam accordingly order
ed his men to repair rich presents for Achil
les, and he, accompanied by nobody but he
racles, Jupiter's command, meets him by the
Achilles' chariot, and, after beseeching his mi
serable chariot, unobscured, through the
Achilles' tent which having performed,
he then, having given a short instruction he
then, how to go to Achilles.

Not that the god and heav'nward
Went, Priam from his chariot did al
lone, he was there, alone he wen
t, then in pace into Achilles' ten
t, he then he pass'd thro' various roo
m, until approaching where the hero l

least the good old Priam found
 belov'd, with all his chiefs around:
 were: t' attend his person plac'd,
 n and Aloysius; the rest
 distance greater, state express.
 unseen by these, his way pursu'd,
 fall was by Achilles view'd:
 knees his trembling arms he cast,
 ing grasp'd, and held 'em fast;
 ht his hands, and kiss'd and press'd 'em close,
 do, th' inhuman authors of his woes;
 do, whose unrelenting force had cost
 his blood (for many sons he lost,)
 wretch who has a murder done,
 ng refuge does from justice run,
 ome house in haste, where he's unknown,
 nagement in the lookers-on;
 hilles gaze, surpris'd to see
 ke Priam's royal misery.
 h other gaz'd, all in surprise
 , yet seem'd to question with their eyes,
 length the solemn silence broke,
 the venerable suppliant spoke.
 ie Achilles! at your feet behold
 rate king, in wretchedness grown old:
 on your father, and then look on me,
 ry age and helpless person see;

“ Yet it may come when he shall b
“ And neighb’ring princes lay his e
“ Ev’n at this time perhaps some pe
“ Who will no mercy, no compassion
“ Ent’ring his palace, fees him fees
“ And seek protection where no he
“ In vain he may your fatal absence
“ And wish in vain for your delay’d
“ Yet that he hears you live is some
“ Some hopes alleviate his excess of
“ It glads his soul to think he once n
“ His much-lov’d son ; would that
“ But I, most wretched ! ! of all ber
“ Of all my worthy sons how few a
“ Yet fifty goodly youths I had to l
“ When first the Greeks invaded Ili
“ Nineteen, the joyful issue of one
“ a mournful tribute

' And to complete my store of countless wo,
 ' Him you have slain—of him bereav'd me too!
 ' For his sake only father and I come;
 ' Rich gifts I bring, and wealth an endless sum, 65
 ' All to redeem that fatal prize you won;
 ' A wordless ransom for ~~so~~ ^{my} wretched son.
 ' " Fear the just gods, Achilles, and on me
 ' With pity look; think you your father too:
 ' Such as I am he is, alone in this, 70
 ' I can no equal have in miseries;
 ' Of all mankind most wretched and forlorn,
 ' Bow'd with such weight as never has been borne;
 ' Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
 ' The spring and source of all my sorrows come; 75
 ' With gifts to court mine and my country's bane,
 ' And kiss those hands which have my children slain."
 He spake.——

Now sadness o'er Achilles' face appears,
 Priam he views, and for his father fears; 8c }
 That and compassion melt him into tears.
 Then gently with his hand he put away
 Old Priam's face, but he still prostrate lay,
 And thro' with tears and sighs afresh begun
 To mourn the fall of his ill-fated son. 85
 But passion diff'rent ways Achilles turns,
 Now he Patroclus, now his father, mourns:
 Thus both with lamentations fill'd the place,
 Till sorrow seem'd to wear one common face. 89

“ Behold the godlike Hector’s funeral !
“ If e’er you went with joy to see him come
“ Adorn’d with conquest and with laurel: hon:
“ Assemble now, his ransom’d body see,
“ What once was all your joy now all your mife
She spake, and straight the num’rous crowd ob
Nor man nor woman in the city stay’d;
Common consent of grief had made ‘em one;
With clam’rous moan to Scæas gate they ran;
There the lov’d body of their Hector meet,
Which they with loud and fresh lamentings gre
His rev’rend mother and his tender wife,
Equal in love, in grief had equal strife:
In sorrow they no moderation knew,
But, wildly wailing, to the chariot flew;
There strove the rolling wheels to hold, while
Attempted first his breathless corpse to reach;
A loud they beat their breasts and tore their hair

Idæus to the palace drove, then laid
With care, the body on a sumptuous b
And round about were skilful singers,
Who wept, and sigh'd, and in sad note
Their moan; all in a chorus did agree
Of universal, mournful harmony :
When first Andromache her passion br
And thus (close pressing his pale cheek

ANDROMACHE'S LAMENT AT

“ O my lost Husband! let me ever n
“ Thy early fate and too untimely urn
“ In the full pride of youth thy glories
“ And thou in ashes must with them b
“ Why is my heart thus miserably t
“ Why am I thus distress'd? why thus
“ Am I that wretched thing a widow I
“ What do I live who am of thee bereft

is there now that can protection give,
 he who was her strength no more doth live?
 of her rev'rend matrons will have care? 65
 save her children from the rage of war?
 re to all father and husband was,
 all are orphans now, and widows, by his loss.
 will the Grecians now insulting come,
 bear us captives to their distant home; 70
 th my child, must the same fortune share,
 all alike be pris'ners of the war;
 ngst base-born wretches he his lot must have,
 be to some inhuman lord a slave;
 some avenging Greek, with fury fill'd, 75
 or an only son or father kill'd
 ictor's hand, on him will vent his rage,
 with his blood his thirsty grief assuage;
 many fell by his relentless hand, [Ain'd.
 g that ground which with their blood was
 erce was thy father (O my Child!) in war, 81
 never did his foe in battle spare;
 ce come these suff'rings which so much have
 h wo to all, but sure to me the most. [cost,
 him not when in the pangs of death, 85
 did my lips receive his latest breath.
 held he not to me his dying hand?
 why receiv'd not I his last command?
 ething he would have said, had I been there,
 ch I should still in sad remembrance bear; 90

He spake, and all obey'd as with
Chariots were brought, and mules
Forth from the city all the people
And nine days' space was in that lab
The tenth a most stupendous pile th
And on the top the manly Hector
Then gave it fire; while all with w
Beheld the rolling flames and smoke
All night they wept, and all the nig
But when the rosy Morn with day
About the pile the thronging peopl
And with black wine quench'd the
His brothers then, and friends, searc
And gath'ring up his snowy bones
Wept o'er 'em; when an urn of gol
Wrapt in soft purple palls, and rich
In which the sacred ashes were inter
his grave a monument th

**HOMER'S
HYMN TO VENUS;**

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

TO THE READER

OF THE ENSUING HYMN.

Of the three greater hymns of Homer, two, one to Apollo, one to Mercury, and one to Venus, this to Venus is the shortest; it is also the most simple in its design, and connected in its parts. The other two abound more in digressions both geographical and mythological, and contain many allusions to ancient customs and history, which, without a commentary, could not well be understood by the generality of readers. These considerations determined me to acquiesce in the translation of this Hymn, though I had once entertained thoughts of turning them all three into English verse.

As I had often read them all with extraordinary pleasure, I could not avoid sometimes reflecting on the censures of some grammarians, who have denied, or at least doubted them to be genuine.

A poem which is good in itself cannot really lose any thing of its value, though it should appear, upon a strict inquiry, not to be the work of so eminent an author as him to whom it was first imputed; but all

it, and a

Tho' the beauties of original, want not even the name of mend them, and much less does that stand in need of their reputation, yet if it is an injustice to him to ascribe them to a it is a hardship to them to deprive them rity due to them, and to leave them way thro' bad judgments purely by th

I will not trouble the reader with curiosity led me to make in this mat give him one reason, of many, w may be received for genuine. The them all is that to Apollo. (As for were almost enough to induce us t imate, to observe that Lucretius low him to copy from the beginn ning of his own admirable poem. The Hymn to Apollo has be Cynæthus

TO THE READER.

which supposition we only reply, that this v
to Apollo is quoted twice by Thucydides, in
book of his history, and expressly quoted a
of Homer.

After his second quotation, which confi:
half a score verses, Thucydides observes, th
verses Homer has made mention of himf
it is beyond question Thucydides believed
was assured, it was the work of Homer. H
very well morally assured of it, for he liv
four hundred years of Homer*, and tha
stance of time to render the knowledge of f
either uncertain or obscure in such a c
Greece, and to a man of such learning, p
wisdom, as our author. The learned Casau
comment on a passage in the first book o
takes the liberty to dissent from Strabo, ar
authority against him, part of the quotatio
Thucydides from the aforementioned Hym
mer. Strabo says, Homer has made no n
what country he was. In one of the versi
Thucydides, Homer calls himself "The
" of rocky Chios†." Casaubon's note is as f

* Herodotus says of himself, in Euterpe, he w
hundred years after Homer. Thucydides was co
with Herodotus.

† Strab. lib. i. p. 30.

‡ The original says—"The blind man w
" rocky or sandy Chios, and whose poems shall b
" esteem to all posterity:" which indeed only pr
dwelt there, not that he was born there.

*Hymno Apollonis quem ego
 auctoritatem Thucydidis, causam au-*

videns in eo inquam hymno, hoc de se Homerus, -

Now, whether it be more reasonable, by the
 ample of so learned a man as Casaubon, to give
 to the authority of Thucydides, the most grave, wise
 faithful and consummate historian that ever was
 or to give into the scruples, conjectures, and sup-
 positions of scholiasts and grammarians. I leave to
 the determination of each impartial reader.

HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS:

SING, Muse! the force and all-informing fire
 Of Cyprian Venus, goddess of desire;
 Her charms th' immortal minds of gods can move,
 And tame the stubborn race of men to love:
 The wilder herds and rav'nous beasts of prey 5
 Her influence feel, and own her kindly sway:
 Thro' pathless air and boundless ocean's space
 She rules the feather'd kind and finny race:
 Whole Nature on her sole support depends,
 And far as life exists her care extends. 10

Of all the num'rous host of gods above,
 But three are found inflexible to love;
 Blue-ey'd Minerva free preserves her heart,
 A virgin unbeguil'd by Cupid's art;
 In shining arms the martial maid delights, 15
 O'er war presides, and well-disputed fights;
 With thirst of fame she first the hero fir'd,
 And first the skill of useful arts inspir'd;
 Taught artists first the carving tool to wield, 19
 Chariots with brass to arm, and form the fenceful
 She first taught modest maids in early bloom [shield;
 To shun the lazy life, and spin, or ply the loom.

Diana next the Paphian queen defies,
 Her smiling arts and proffer'd friendship flies; 24
 She loves with well-mouth'd hounds and cheerful horn,
 Or silver-sounding voice, to wake the Morn,

And there of virgin-nymphs
And sometimes seeks the town, and leaves to
And loves society where Virtue reigns.

The third celestial pow'r averse to love
Is Virgin Vesta, dear to mighty Jove,
Whom Neptune sought to wed, and Phœbus
And both with fruitless labour long pursu'd
For she, severely chaste, rejected both,
And bound her purpose with a solemn oath
A virgin life inviolate to lead ;
She swore, and Jove assenting bow'd his head
But since her rigid choice the joys deny'd
Of nuptial rites, and blessings of a bride,
The bounteous Jove with gifts that want not
High on a throne she sits amidst the skies,
And first is fed with fumes of sacrifice ;
For holy rites to Vesta first are paid,
And on her altar first-fruit off'rings laid ;
And next to her the honour of the maid.

Ev'n he, whose dread commands the gods obey, 55

Submits to her, and owns superiour sway;
 Enslav'd to mortal beauties by her pow'r,
 He oft' descends his creatures to adore;
 While to conceal the theft from Juno's eyes,
 Some well-dissembled shape the god belies; 60
 Juno, his wife and sister, both in place
 And beauty first among the ethereal race,
 Whom all transcending in superiour worth
 Wife Saturn got, and Cybele brought forth,
 And Jove, by never-erring counsel sway'd, 65
 The partner of his bed and empire made.

But Jove at length, with just resentment fir'd,
 The laughing Queen herself with love inspir'd;
 Swift thro' her veins the sweet contagion ran,
 And kindled in her breast desire of mortal man, 70
 That she, like other deities, might prove
 The pains and pleasures of inferiour love,
 And not insultingly the gods deride,
 Whose sons were human by the mother's side:
 Thus Jove ordain'd she now for man should burn, 75
 And bring forth mortal offspring in her turn.

Amongst the springs which flow from Ida's head,
 His lowing herds the young Anchises fed,
 Whose godlike form and face the smiling queen
 Beheld, and lov'd to madness soon as seen. 80
 To Cyprus straight the wounded goddess flies,
 Where Paphian temples in her honour rise,
 And altars smoke with daily sacrifice. }

Soon as arriv'd,
 Where ent'ring wait, her base
 The ready Graces wait, her flowing
 And oint with fragrant oils her shoulders spread,
 Her flowing hair around her shoulders spread,
 And all adown ambrosial odour sheds:
 Laid in transparent robes her limbs they fold,
 Enrich'd with ornaments of purest gold;
 And thus attir'd her chariot she ascends,
 On Ida she alights, then seeks the seat:
 Which lov'd Anchises chose for his retreat;
 And ever as she walk'd thro' lawn or wood
 Promiscuous herds of beasts admiring stood
 Some humbly follow, while some fawn'd
 And lick the ground, and crouch beneath
 Dogs, lions, wolves, and bears, their eyes
 And the swift panther stops to gaze with
 For ev'ry glance she gives soft fire in
 All single out the
 Each pair

Before his eyes Jove's beauteous daughter stood,
 In form and dress a huntress of the wood;
 For had he seen the goddess undisguis'd,
 The youth with awe and fear had been surpris'd. 115
 Fix'd he beheld her, and with joy admir'd
 To see a nymph so bright and so attir'd;
 For from her flowing robe a lustre spread,
 As if with radiant flame she were array'd:
 Her hair, in part disclos'd, in part conceal'd, 120
 In ringlets fell, or was with jewels held;
 With various gold and gems her neck was grac'd,
 And orient pearls heav'd on her panting breast:
 Bright as the moon she shone, with silent light,
 And charm'd his sense with wonder and delight. 125

Thus while Anchises gaz'd, thro' ev'ry vein
 A thrilling joy he felt and pleasing pain.
 At length he spake—"All hail, celestial Fair!
 "Who humbly dost to visit earth repair:
 "What'er thou art, descended from above, 130
 "Letona, Cynthia, or the Queen of Love,
 "All hail! all honour shall to thee be paid;
 "Or art thou Themis? or the Blue-ey'd maid?
 "Or art thou fairest of the Graces Three,
 "Who with the gods share immortality? 135
 "Or else some nymph, the guardian of these woods,
 "These caves, these fruitful hills, or crystal floods?

* Themis, the goddess of Equity and Right.

† Blue-ey'd maid, Pallas.

"Equality to them my
"Worthy a daughter's or a
"Thou for your wife of too infern
"Next let ambassadors to Phrygia ha
"To tell my father of my fortunes past
"And ease my mother in that anxious fe
"Of doubts and fears which cares for me
"They in return shall presents bring from
"Of rich attire, and sums of gold immen
"You in peculiar shall with gifts be grac
"In price and beauty far above the rest
"This done, perform the rites of nap
"Grateful to men below and gods a
She said, and from her eyes shot su
Which to his heart insinuate thus his
Refill'd love invading thus his
The panting youth the smiling
"Since mortal you, of mor
"And Otreus you report ye
"And since th' immortal
execute the dread co
ndrous beaut
with m

The goddess smil'd, nor did th' attempt withstand,
but fix'd her eyes upon the hero's bed,
Where soft and silken coverlets were spread,
and over all a counterpane was plac'd, 230
thick sown with furs of many a savage beast,
Of bears and lions, heretofore his spoil,
and still remain'd the trophies of his toil.
Now to ascend the bed they both prepare,
and he with eager haste disrobes the fair. 235
Her sparkling necklace first he laid aside,
her bracelets next, and braided hair, untied;
and now his busy hand her zone unbrac'd,
which girt her radiant robe around her waist;
her radiant robe at last aside was thrown, 240
whose rosy hue with dazzling lustre shone.

O-- bearing Jove,
 Compassion on my human state to show,
 Nor let me lead a life infirm below ; 2
 Defend me from the woes which mortals wait,
 Nor let me share of men the common fate;
 Since never man with length of days was blest'd
 Who in delights of love a deity possess'd."
 To him Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd ;
 Be bold, Anchises ; in my love confide : 281
 Nor me nor other god thou need'st to fear,
 'or thou to all the heav'nly race art dear.
 Know from our loves thou shalt a son obtain,
 Who over all the realm of Troy shall reign ; 290
 From whom a race of monarchs shall descend,
 And whose posterity shall know no end :
 him thou shalt the name *Æneas* * give,
 One for whose conception I must grieve,
 'as I think he to exist began 295
 In my conjunction with a--

" And next reaching
 " From thence great Jove to aze
 " To live with gods, the lovely Ga
 " Where by th' immortals honour'd
 " The youth enjoys a blest eterni
 " In bowls of gold he ruddy neck
 " And Jove regales in his unbend
 " Long did the king, his fire, his a
 " Doubtful by whom, or where, th
 " Till Jove at length, in pity of his
 " Dispatch'd Argicides * to his reli
 " And more with gifts to pacify hi
 " He sent him horses of a deathless
 " Whose feet outstripp'd in speed th
 " Charging withal swift Hermes t
 " The youth's advancement to a h
 " Where all his hours are past in c
 " Which age can ne'er decay nor
 " This embassy the kin

“ But when the golden-thron’d Aurora made

- “ Tithonus partner of her rosy bed,
 “ (Tithonus, too, was of the Trojan line,
 “ Resembling gods in face and form divine) 325
 “ For him she straight the Thunderer address’d,
 “ That with perpetual life he might be bless’d;
 “ Jove heard her pray’r, and granted her request. }
 “ But, ah! how rash was she! how indiscreet!
 “ The most material blessing to omit; 330
 “ Neglecting, or not thinking, to provide
 “ That length of days might be with strength sup-
 “ And to her lover’s endless life engage [ply’d,
 “ An endless youth, incapable of age.
 “ But hear what fate befel this heav’nly fair, 335
 “ In gold enthron’d, the brightest child of Air:
 “ Tithonus, while of pleasing youth possess’d,
 “ Is by Aurora with delight caref’d;
 “ Dear to her arms, he in her court resides,
 “ Beyond the verge of earth, and ocean’s utmost tides.
 “ But when she saw gray hairs begin to spread, 345
 “ Deform his beard, and disadorn his head,
 “ The goddess cold in her embraces grew,
 “ His arms declin’d, and from his bed withdrew;
 “ Yet still a kind of nursing care she show’d, 345
 “ And food ambrosial and rich clothes bestow’d;
 “ But when of age he felt the sad extreme,
 “ And ev’ry nerve was shrunk and limb was lame,

“ On terms like these . . .

“ Thou shouldst to immortality . . .

“ Couldst thou, indeed, as now thou art

“ Thy strength thy beauty, and thy youth

“ Could thou for ever thus my husband part

“ I might live happy in thy endless love,

“ Nor should I e'er have cause to dread that

“ When I must mourn thy loss and life's

“ But thou, alas! too soon and sure must

“ Lie beneath the woes which painful age at

“ Inevitable age! whose wretched state

“ All mortals dread, and all immortals hate

“ Now know, I also must my portion

“ And for thy sake reproach and shame must

“ For I, who heretofore in chains of love

“ Could captivate the minds of gods above

“ And force 'em by my all-subduing charms

“ To sigh and languish in a woman's arms

“ Now no more that pow'r super-

which beneath my nose I must conceal, 379
 in his being and my shame reveal.
 In shall the nymph who these fair woods adorn,
 in deep bosoms nurse as soon as born :
 nor of mortal nor immortal seed
 aid to spring, yet on ambrosia feed, 380
 long they live *, and oft in chorus join.
 gods and goddesses in dance divine.

Wood-nymphs there were the Dryades and the Hamades; the Dryades presided over woods and groves; the yades each over her particular tree. None of them counted immortal, but extremely long-lived. Ausonius Hesiod, computes the complete life of a man at lx years; a crow, he says, lives nine times as long; a r times as long as a crow; a raven three times as long r; the phoenix ten times as long as a raven; and these yades live ten times as long as the phoenix. But the received opinion was, that they lived just as long as their herefore this from Ausonius seems rather to relate to ades, and the duration of a whole wood; for there are instances where they were indifferently called Dryades nadryades by the ancient poets. They were very sensible of good offices, and grateful to them who at any time ed their trees. The Scholiast, upon a passage mentioning nymphs in *Apollon. Argonaut.* l. 2. relates the following, cited from Charon Lampfacenus. "A young man, Cæcus, observing a fair oak almost fallen to the earth; it to be supported, and took such effectual care that ablished it again to flourish in its place. The nymph of appeared to him, and in return bid him ask what he . The youth readily demanded of her the last favour, he as readily promised, and, according to agreement, ee to summon him at the time when he might be happy: young man happening to be gaming at dice when the ne, was so offended with its buzzing, that he gave it ill and chid it from him. This reception of her ambassador



“ Their origin ...
“ From common parent Earth ...
“ With lofty firs which grace the mount
“ Or ample-spreading oaks, at once they
“ All have their trees allotted to their cl
“ Whose growth, duration, and decreas
“ But holy are these groves by mortals
“ And therefore by the axe are never fel
“ But when the fate of some fair tree dr
“ It first appears to droop, and then grow
“ The bark to crack and perish next is se
“ And last the boughs it sheds no longer
“ And thus the nymphs expire by like d
“ And live and die coeval with their tree
“ These gentle nymphs, by my persu
“ Shall in their sweet recesses nurse my
“ And when his cheeks with youth's first
“ To thee the sacred maids the boy sha
“ Before to instruct thee, when five y

If I leave thenceforward to thy care,
 That with him thou to Troy repair;
 Inquiry shall be made, to know
 In thou dost so bright an offspring owe,
 Thou nothing of the truth detect, 412
 My answer make as I direct :
 Sylvan nymph the fair youth came,
 Lycopis call his mother's name ;
 Wouldest thou boast the truth, and madly own
 Thou in bliss had Cytherea known, 416
 Wuld his anger pour upon thy head,
 His avenging thunder strike thee dead.
 As is told thee, and just caution giv'n ;
 Thou, and dread the wrath of heav'n." 420
 , and sudden soar'd above his sight,
 O'er liquid air her heav'nward flight.
 , bright Cyprian Queen ! thee first I praise,
 My other pow'r transfer my lays. 424

The latter . . .

And made Creusa partner . . .

Bright Ariadne, on an unknown shore,

Thy absence, perjur'd Theseus! did de-

If then the wild inhabitants of air

Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear

It was not owing, Theseus! to thy care

Inquire the cause, and let Demophoon

Why Phyllis by a fate untimely fell :

Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd

She sought th' appointed shore, and vie

Her fall the fading trees consent to moan

And shed their leaves round her lamen

The prince so far for piety renown'd

To thee, Eliza! was unfaithful found;

To thee forlorn, and languishing with

His sword alone he left, thy last relief.

Ye ruin'd Nymphs! shall I the cause in

Of all your woes? 't was want of need

Which so quickly will arrive

TRANSLATIONS.

169

weak defenceless sex expos'd,
 by men well-arm'd enclos'd? 75
 : men instructed by thy Muse,
 now to teach the sex refuse.
 o injur'd Helen in his song
 r, and redress'd the wrong.
 n my favour you depend, 80
 women while you live defend."
 rtle sprig, which berries bore,
 for a myrtle wreath she wore)
 'd, my sense enlighten'd grew,
 reference inspiration drew. 85
 mphs! by wedlock unconfin'd,
 receipts, while she prompts my mind,
 loom of youth and beauty's prime,
 ng age, nor waste your time :
 . may, and rip'ning years invite, 90
 nable sweet delight;
 s, like stealing waters, glide,
 p their ever-ebbing tide:
 after will the loss repay,
 ow will the taste decay, 95 }
 elish than the former day.
 me when on that wither'd thorn
 ose vy'd with the blushing Morn;
 wreaths I thence have deck'd my head,
 affless now, and how decay'd! 100



Nor wake us

Then nightly knockings at your
Whose noiseless hammer then m

Alas! how soon a clear comple
How soon a wrinkled skin plump
And what avails it tho' the fair c
She from her infancy had some g
She grows all hoary in a few mo
And then the venerable truth ap
The snake his skin, the deer his h
And both renew their youth and
But no receipt can humankind re
Doom'd to decrepit age without
Then crop the flow'r which yet i
And which ungather'd on its stal
Besides, the tender sex is form'd
And frequent births too soon wi
Continual harvest wears the fru
th itself decays too ofte

Then take example, Mortals' from above,
 And like immortals live, and like 'em love; 130
 Refuse not those delights which men require,
 Nor let your lovers languish with desire.
 False tho' they prove, what loss can you sustain?
 Thence let a thousand take, 't will all remain.
 Tho' constant use ev'n flint and steel impairs, 135
 What you employ no diminution fears.
 Who would to light a torch their torch deny?
 Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry?
 Still women lose, you cry, if men obtain:
 What do they lose that 's worthy to retain? 140
 Think not this said to prostitute the sex,
 But undeceive whom needless fears perplex.
 Thus far a gentle breeze supplies our sail;
 Now launch'd to sea we ask a brisker gale.
 And first we treat of dress. The well-dress'd vine 145
 Produces plumpest grapes and richest wine;
 And plenteous crops of golden grain are found
 Alone to grace well-cultivated ground.
 Beauty 's the gift of gods, the sex's pride!
 Yet to how many is that gift deny'd? 150
 Art helps a face; a face, tho' heav'nly fair,
 May quickly fade for want of needful care.
 In ancient days, if women flighted dress,
 Then men were ruder too, and lik'd it less.
 If Hector's spouse was clad in stubborn stuff, 155
 A soldier's wife became it well enough.

Sev'n lusty daughters,
And might not he, d' ye think,
And yet his wife not elegantly dress'd :
With rude simplicity Rome first was built,
Which now we see adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.
'Tis Capitol with that of old compare,
Some other Jove you 'd think was worshipp'd
'Tis that lofty pile, where Senates dictate law,
When Tati'us reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with
And where Apollo's fane resplendent stands,
Was heretofore a track of pasture-lands.
Let ancient manners other men delight;
But me the modern please, as more polite :
Not that materials now in gold are wrought
And distant shores for orient pearls are sought
Nor for that hills exhaust their marble veins
And structures rise whose bulk the sea rears
But that the world is civiliz'd of late,
And polish'd from the rust of former days
And with pendants loaded
To appear :

A face too long should part and flat the hair, 185
 Left upward comb'd the length too much appear :

So Laodamia dress'd. A face too round
 Should show the ears, and with a tour be crown'd.
 On either shoulder one her locks displays,
 Adorn'd like Phœbus when he sings his lays: 190
 Another all her tresses ties behind :

So dress'd, Diana hunts the fearful hind.
 Dishevell'd locks most graceful are to some,
 Others the binding fillets more become.
 Some plait, like spiral shells, their braided hair, 195
 Others the loose and waving curl prefer.

But to recount the sev'ral Dresses worn,
 Which artfully each sev'ral face adorn,
 Were endless, as to tell the leaves on trees,
 The beasts on Alpine hills, or Hybla's bees. 200

Many there are who seem to slight all care,
 And with a pleasant negligence ensnare;
 Whole mornings oft' in such a dress are spent,
 And all is art that looks like accident.

With such disorder Iöle was grac'd 205
 When great Alcides first the nymph embrac'd :
 So Ariadne came to Bacchus' bed,
 When with the conqueror from Crete she fled.

Nature, indulgent to the sex, repays
 The losses they sustain by various ways. 210
 Men ill supply those hairs they shed in age,
 Lost like autumnal leaves when north winds rage.

The well-worn

But only are their own as what they
Nor need they blush to buy heads ready
And chuse at publick shops what suits 'em

Cosly apparel let the fair one fly,
Enrich'd with gold, or with the Tyrian
What folly must in such expense appear,
When more becoming colours are less dear
One with a dye is ting'd of lovely blue,
Such as, thro' air serene, the sky we view
With yellow lustre see another spread,
As if the Golden Fleece compos'd the thread
Some of the seagreen wave the cast displa
With this the Naiads their bright forms
And some the saffron hue will well adorn
Such is the mantle of the blushing Morn.
Of myrtle berries one the tincture shows
In this of amethysts the purple glows,
That more imitates the paler rose.

TRANSLATIONS.

Try every one, what best becomes you wear,
For no complexion all alike can bear.
If fair the skin, black may become it best;
In black the lovely fair Briseis dress;
If brown the nymph, let her be cloth'd in white;
Andromeda so charm'd the wond'ring sight.

I need not warn you of two pow'ful smells,
Which sometimes health or kindly heat expels;
Nor from your tender legs to pluck with care
The casual growth of all unseemly hair.
Tho' not to nymphs of Caucasus I sing,
Nor such who taste remote the Mysian spring,
Yet let me warn you that thro' no neglect
You let your teeth disclose the least defect.
You know the use of white to make you fair,
And how with red lost colour to repair;
Imperfect eyebrows you by art can mend,
And skin, when wanting, o'er a scar extend.
Nor need the fair one be ashamed who tries
By art to add new lustre to her eyes.

A little book I've made, but with great care,
How to preserve the face, and how repair;
In that the nymphs by time or chance annoy'd,
May see what pains to please'em I've employ'd:
But still beware that from your lover's eye
You keep conceal'd the med'cines you apply:
Tho' art assists, yet must that art be hid,
Lest whom it would invite it should forbid.



And tho' you
The wool's unsav'ry taste
Marrow of stags nor your pomatums
Nor clean your furry teeth, when men
For many things when done afford delig
Which yet while doing may offend the
Ev'n Myro's statues, which for art sur
All others, once were but a shapeless
Rude was that gold which now in ring
As once the robe you wear was wool
Think how that stone rough in the q
Which now a perfect Venus shows
While we suppose you sleep repair
Lock'd from observers in some sec
Add the last hand before yourself
Your need of art why should you
For many things when most con
And few of strict inquiry bear th
Figures which in theatres
common v

But let her look that she with care avoid
 All fretful humours while she's so employ'd;
 Let her not still undo, with peevish haste, 300
 All that her woman does, who does her best.
 I hate a vixen that her maid assails,
 And scratches with her bodkin or her nails,
 While the poor girl in blood and tears must mourn,
 And her heart curses what her hands adorn. 305
 Let her who has no hair, or has but some,
 Plant centinels before her dressingroom,
 Or in the fane of the good goddess dress,
 Where all the male-kind are debarr'd access.
 'Tis said that I (but 't is a tale devis'd) 310
 A lady at her toilet once surpris'd,
 Who starting, snatch'd in haste the tour she wore,
 And in her hurry plac'd the hinder part before.
 But on our foes fall ev'ry such disgrace,
 Or barb'rous beauties of the Parthian race. 315
 Ungraceful 't is to see without a horn
 The lofty hart, whom branches best adorn,
 A leafless tree, or an unverdant mead,
 And as ungraceful is a hairless head.
 But think not these instructions are design'd 320
 For first-rate beauties of the finish'd kind;
 Not to a Semele or Leda bright,
 Nor an Europa, these my rules I write;
 Nor the fair Helen do I teach, whose charms
 Stirr'd up Atrides and all Greece to arms: 325

Such sights ne'er can

And make me pant to kiss the maid

Sirens, tho' monsters of the stormy main

Can ships when under sail with songs detain

Scarce could Ulysses by his friends be won

When first he listen'd to the charming son

Singing insinuates: learn, all ye Maids!

Oft' when a face forbids a voice persuade

Whether on theatres loud strains we hear

Or in Ruelles some soft Egyptian air.

Well shall she sing of whom I make my love

And with her lute accompany her voice.

The rocks were stirr'd, the beasts to listen

When on his lyre melodious Orpheus played

Even Cerberus and hell that sound obey'd

And stones officious were thy walls to raise

O Thebes! attracted by Amphion's lay

The dolphin, dumb itself, thy voice obey'd

Arion! by thy songs inspir'd

TRANSLATIONS.

181

Mars's work with care peruse,
 can hard the noblest Mule : 410
 dible, in after-days,
 dition, and be nam'd with these :
 ince some readers may approve,
 ructed either sex in love.
 k you read of this soft art, 415
 over's voice and lover's heart.
 istles, too, by me are fram'd,
 e unthought-of and unnam'd.
 r sacred will, O tuneful Nine!
 pollo! and Lyæus! thine. 420
 omplish'd may the maid be thought,
 ly to dance was never taught;
 ancing may to love engage,
 well-kept dancers of the stage.
 d trifles I'm a sham'd to tell, 425
 nes the sex to trifle well;
 tily, or slur a dye,
 unning and dexterity.
 s at chess to be expert,
 ost thoughtful sometimes most divert.
 game, you'll find it prove of use; 430
 at play may love produce.
 to learn how bets to lay,
 keep your temper while you play :
 en, each breast is open laid, 435
 e head's intent, the heart's betray'd.

Q

Then say

While losing gamesters all the day
Then horrid oaths are utter'd ev'ry cal
They grieve, and curse, and storm, nay
Good Jove avert such shameful faults a
From ev'ry nymph whose heart's incli
Soft recreations fit the female-kind.
Nature for men has rougher sports desi
To wield the sword, and hurl the poin
To stop or turn the steed in full career.

Tho' martial fields ill suit your tende
Nor may you swim in Tiber's rapid str
Yet when Sol's burning wheels from L
And at the glowing Virgin's sign arriv
'Tis both allow'd and fit you should rep
To pleasant walks, and breathe refresh
To Pompey's Gardens, or the shady gr
Which Cæsar honours, and which Pho
Who sunk the proud Egyptian

In ev'ry publick place by turns be shown;
 In vain you're fair while you remain unknown.
 Should you in singing *Thamyras* transcend,
 Your voice unheard, who could your skill commend?
 Had not *Appelles* drawn the seaborn queen,
 Her beauties still beneath the waves had been. 470
 Poets inspir'd write obly for a name,
 And think their labours well repaid with fame.
 In former days I own the poets were
 Of gods and kings the most peculiar care;
 Majestick awe was in the name allow'd, 4
 And they with rich possessions were endow'd.
 Ennius with honours was by *Scipio* grac'd,
 And next his own the poet's statue plac'd:
 But now their ivy crowns bear no esteem,
 And all their learning's thought an idle dream.
 Still there's a pleasure that proceeds from praise
 What could the high renown of *Homer* raise,
 But that he sung his *Iliad's* deathless lays?
 Who could have been of *Danae's* charms aff
 Had she grown old within her tow'r immur'd,
 This as a rule let ev'ry nymph pursue,
 That 't is her int'rest oft' to come in view.
 A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,
 In hopes thro' many to make sure of one:
 So let the fair the gazing crowd assail,
 That over one at least she may prevail.

HOW LOWLY FAREWE

Whose charms were heighten'd and ad
The widow'd fair who sees her lord a
While yet she weeps may kindlo
And Hymen's torch relight with sun

Beware of men who are too spruce
And look you fly with speed a fop pr
Such tools to you, and to a thousand
Will tell the same dull story o'er and
This way and that unsteadily they ro
And, never fix'd, are fugitives in love
Such flutt'ring things all women sure
Light as themselves, and more effem
Believe me; all I say is for your good
Had Priam been believ'd, Troy still

Many with base designs will passion
Who know no love but sordid love of
But let not powder'd heads nor effenc

How often, Venus! hast thou heard such cries,
 And laugh'd amidst thy Appian votaries?
 Some so notorious are, their very name
 Must ev'ry nymph whom they frequent defame.
 Be warn'd by ills which others have destroy'd, 525
 And faithless men with constant care avoid:
 Trust not a Theseus, fair Athenian maid!
 Who has so oft' th' attesting gods betray'd;
 And thou, Demophoon! heir to Theseus' crimes,
 Hast lost thy credit to all future times. 530

Promise for promise equally afford,
 But once a contract made keep well your word;
For she for any act of hell is fit,
And, undismay'd, may sacrilege commit,
 With impious hands could quench the vestal fire, 535
 Poison her husband, in her arms, for hire,
 Who first to take a lover's gift complies,
 And then defrauds him, and his claim denies.

But hold, my Muse! check thy unruly horse,
 And more in sight pursue th' intended course. 540

If love epistles tender lines impart,
 And billet-doux are sent to found your heart,
 Let all such letters by a faithful maid
 Or confidant be secretly convey'd:
 Soon from the words you'll judge, if read with care,
 When feign'd a passion is, and when sincere. 546
 Ere in return you write, some time require;
 Delays, if not too long, increase desire:

Be sure avoid set phrases

The usual way of speech is more
How have I seen the puzzled love
To read a letter with hard words
A style too coarse takes from a hand
And makes us wish an uglier in it

But since (tho' chastity be not
You from your husband still would
Write to no stranger till his truth
Nor in a foolish messenger confide
What agonies that woman undergo
Whose hand the traitor threatens
Who, rashly trusting, dreads to be
And lives for ever to that dread
Such treachery can never be susp
For those discov'ries sure as light
Might I advise, fraud should wit
That arms repel all who with arm

contrivance more remains behind;
 I may use as a convenient blind;
 When men writ, your letters frame, 579
 Or friend to you subscribe a female name.
 Rather things to tell, my Muse! prepare,
 On all the sail the bark can bear.
 The passions in your looks find place,
 Will deform the finest face;
 The lips, and blackens all the veins, 585
 The eye a Gorgon horror reigns.
 On her flute divine Minerva play'd,
 The mountain saw the change it made,
 Her cheek, she flung it quick aside,
 "Your musick so much worth," she cry'd. 590
 Your glass when you with anger glow,
 Confess you scarce yourselves can know:
 Excessive pride insult the sight,
 Looks alone to love invite.
 'Tis a truth that's daily try'd, 595
 Nothing more detestable than pride.
 I seen some airs disgust create,
 Which by antipathy we hate!
 With looks, and smiles with smiles, he paid,
 Your lover bows incline your head: 600
 Lulling, plays at first with hearts,
 Wounds with deeper piercing darts.
 The melancholy mistress charms;
 The cressid weep in Ajax' arms:



Who in bewailing
Had they not both born children (u
I ne'er could think they 'd with the
I no idea in my mind can frame
That either one or t'other doleful d
Could toy, could fondle, or could ca
My Life! my Soul! or speak endear

Why from comparisons should I
Or fear small things by greater to e
Observe what conduct prudent gen
And how their sev'ral officers they
To one a charge of infantry commi
Another for the horse is thought m
So you your sev'ral lovers should se
And as you find 'em qualify'd direc
The wealthy lover store of gold sh
The lawyer should in courts your
We who write verse with verse al

Love is all the tune

It he seeks, nor feels ambition's fire,
the bar, and books and shades requires.

hilly, alas! we know to love, 635

we fix, but we with pain remove;

Studies with our souls combine,
to tenderness our hearts incline.

Virgins! to the poet's pray'r;
that fills him, and the Muse, reveres; 640

g divine is in us, and from heav'n

ing spirit can alone be giv'n.

price from poets to exact;

sin no woman fears to act:

howe'er, your avarice from sight, 645

oo soon your new admirer fright.

ul riders rein with diff'rent force

ck'd courser and a well-train'd horse,

/ diff'rent management engage

in years and youth of greener age. 650

le the wiles of love are yet unknown,

ly cleave to you, and you alone;

d caresses oft' indulge the boy,

re harvest of his heat enjoy.

us bk'd, of rivals most beware; 655

c nor empire can a rival bear."

e discreetly love when more mature,

y things which youth disdains endure;

ows break, nor houses set on fire,

their own or mistresses' attire. 660



Or can his caution against such plots
Which in her breast your confidant
Can he the note beneath her gart
Or that which, more conceal'd, is
Yet these perceiv'd, you may her
And writing on her skin your mi
New milk, or pointed spires of fla
Will ink supply, and letters mar
Fair will the paper show, nor can
Till all the writing's with warm

Acrisius was with all his care
And in his tow'r of brass a grand
Can spies avail when you to pl
Or in the Circus view the noble
Or can you be to Isis' fane pursu'd
Or Cybelle's, whose rites all men
Tho' watchful servants to the bag



TRANSLATIONS.

Sometimes with wine your watchful foll'wer tre
When drunk you may with ease his care defeat;
Or, to prevent too sudden a surprise,
Prepare a sleeping draught to seal his eyes :
Or let your maid, still longer time to gain,
An inclination for his person feign :
With faint resistance let her drill him on,
And after competent delays be won.

But what need all these various doubtful wile:
Since gold the greatest vigilance beguiles ?
Believe me, men and gods with gifts are pleas'd
Ev'n angry Jove with off'rings is pleas'd.
With presents fools and wise alike are caught ;
Give but enough, the husband may be bought.
But let me warn you, when you bribe a spy,
That you for ever his connivance buy ;
Pay him his price at once, for with such men
You'll know no end of giving now and then.

Once I remember, I with cause complain'd
Of jealousy, occasion'd by a friend.
Believe me, apprehensions of that kind
Are not alone to our false sex confin'd.
Trust not too far your she-companion's truth,
Lest she sometimes should intercept the youth :
The very confidant that lends the bed
May entertain your lover in your stead :
Nor keep a servant with too fair a face,
For such I've known supply her lady's place.

But all self-ends and interests

I'll faithfully proceed to teach
Defenceless and unarm'd expose
And for the Lemnian ladies who

Perpetual fondness of your love
Nor will you find it hard belief
Full of himself, he your design
To what we wish 't is easy to per
With dying eyes his face and form
Then sigh, and wonder he so long
Now drop a tear your sorrows to
Anon reproach him, and pretend
Such proofs as these will all distrust
And make him pity your excess
Scarce to himself will he forbear
How can I let this poor fond
But chiefly one such fond behav
cours his glass, and his ow

Let Procris' fate a sad example be
Of what effects attend credulity.

Near where his purple head Hymettus shows,
And flow'ring hills, a sacred fountain flows, 805
With soft and verdant turf the soil is spread,
And sweetly-smelling shrubs the ground o'ershade:
There rosemary and bays their odours join,
And with the fragrant myrtle's scent combine:
There tamarisks with thick-leav'd box are found, 810
And cyttissus and garden pines abound,
While thro' the boughs soft winds of zephyr pass,
Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of grass:
Hither would Cephalus retreat to rest,
When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppress'd, 815
And thus to Air the panting youth would pray,
"Come, gentle Aura! come, this heat allay."
But some talebearing too officious friend,
By chance o'erheard him as he thus complain'd,
Who with the news to Procris quick repair'd, 820
Repeating word for word what she had heard.
Soon as the name of Aura reach'd her ears,
With jealousy surpris'd and fainting fears,
Her rosy colour fled her lovely face,
And agonies, like death, supply'd the place; 825
Pale she appear'd as are the falling leaves,
When first the vine the winter's blast receives;
Of ripen'd quinces such the yellow hue,
Or when unripe we cornel-berries view.

Thither arriv'd, the leaves
And all alone the shady hill ascends
What folly, Procris! o'er thy mind
What rage, thus fatally to lie conce
Whoe'er this Aura be (such was th
She now shall in the very fact be c
Anon thy heart repents its rash de
And now to go and now to stay it
Thus love with doubts perplexes
And makes thee seek what thou
But still thy rival's name rings in
And more suspicious still the pla
But more than all excessive love
Which all it fears too easily beli
And now a childess run thro
Soon as she saw where Cephal
"Twas noon, when he again re
the scorching ardour of the n

Soon as she found her error from the word,
 Her colour and her temper were restor'd;
 With joy she rose to clasp him in her arms, 860
 But Cephalus the rustling noise alarms;
 Some beast, he thinks, he in the bushes hears,
 And straight his arrows and his bow prepares.
 Hold! hold! unhappy youth!—I call in vain;
 With thy own hand thou hast thy Procris slain. 865
 “Me, me,” she cries, “thou’st wounded with thy dart!
 “But Cephalus was wont to wound this heart:
 “Yet lighter on my ashes earth will lie,
 “Since, tho’ untimely, I unrivall’d die.
 “Come, close with thy dear hand my eyes in death,
 “Jealous of Air, to Air I yield my breath.” 871
 Close to his heavy heart her cheek he laid,
 And wash’d with streaming tears the wound he made;
 At length the springs of life their currents leave,
 And her last gasp her husband’s lips receive. 875

Now to pursue our voyage we must provide,
 Till safe to port our weary bark we guide.

You may expect, perhaps, I now should teach
 What rules to treats and entertainments reach.
 Come not the first invited to a feast; 880
 Rather come last, as a more grateful guest;
 For that of which we fear to be depriv’d,
 Meets with the surest welcome when arriv’d.
 Besides, complexions of a coarser kind
 From candlelight no small advantage find. 885

Not yet too late—

For we suspect you were in r
Of all extremes in either kind beware,

And still, before your belly's full forbear.
Not that nymph, however fair, can wou
More than Helen the in charms abou

I own I think of wine the mod'rate use
More suits the sex, and sooner finds excu
It warms the blood, adds lustre to the ey

And Wine and Love have always been
Not carefully from all intem'rance ke
Nor drink till you see double, lisp, or st
Nor in such sleeps brutalities are done,

Which tho' you loath you have no pe
And now th' instructed nymph, fi
Should next be taught how to behav
Not modestly forbid: nor more my
And weary wings the labour'd flig
People swans unyok'd, the ch
their journey d

SATIRE XI. OF JUVENAL.

The Argument.

THE design of this Satire, is to expose and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery, but more particularly that exorbitant luxury used by the Romans in their feasting. The poet draws the occasion from an invitation which he here makes to his friend to dine with him; very artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect from his treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular invective against the vanity and folly of some persons who, having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great estates and quality. He shows us the miserable end of such spend-thrifts and gluttons, with the manner and courses which they took to bring themselves to it; advising men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclinations to the extent of their fortune. He gives his friend a bill of fare of the entertainment he has provided for him, and from thence he takes occasion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greatest men in former ages, to which he opposes the riot and intemperance of the present; attributing to the latter a visible remissness in the care of Heaven over the Roman state. He instances some lewd practices at their feasts, and by the bye touches the nobility, with making vice and debauchery consist with their principal pleasures. He concludes with a repeated invitation to his friend, advising him (in one particular somewhat freely) to a neglect of all cares and disquiets for the present, and a moderate use of pleasures for the future.

**If noble Atticus make splendid feasts,
 And with expensive food indulge his guests,
 His wealth and quality support the treat;
 Nor is it luxury in him, but state:
 But when poor Rutilus spends all he's worth, 5
 In hopes of setting one good dinner forth,
 'Tis downright madness; for what greater jest
 Than begging gluttons, or than beggars' feasts?**

Able to

Urg'd by no pow'r, restrain'd by
But following his own inglorious choice
'Mongst common fencers practises the
That end debasing for which arms were
Arms, which to man ne'er-dying fame
But his disgrace is owing to his sword
Many there are of the same wretched
Whom their despairing creditors make
Lurking in shambles, where with blood
They buy choice meats, and in cheap
Such whose sole bliss is eating; why
But that one brutal reason why the
And yet, what's more ridiculous,
The poorest wretch is still most haughty
And he whose thin transparent rags
How much his tatter'd fortune woe
Would ransack ev'ry element for
fish and fowl at any price

TRANSLATIONS.

20

ing of silver or of gold he spares,
 what his mother's sacred image bears;
 broken relick he with speed devours, 4
 e would all the rest of 's ancestors;
 ought in gold, or if, expos'd to sale,
 y'd pay the price of one luxurious meal.
 s certain ruin treads upon his heels,
 stings of hunger soon, and want, he feels; 4
 thus is he reduc'd at length to serve
 ers for miserable scraps, or serve.
 nagine now you see a plenteous feast,
 question is, at whose expense 't is dress'd?
 eat Ventidius we the bounty prize, 5
 utilus the vanity despise.
 nge ignorance! that the same man who knows
 v far yond' mount above this molehill shows,
 ld not perceive a difference as great
 ven small incomes and a vast estate! 5
 n heav'n to mortals, sure. that rule was sent,
 ' Know thyself," and by some god was meant
 e our never-erring pilot here,
 o' all the various courses which we steer.
 rsites, tho' the most presumpt'ous Greek, 6
 durst not for Achilles' armour speak,
 en scarce Ulysses had a good pretence,
 h all th' advantage of his eloquence.
 oe'er attempts weak causes to support,
 ht to be very sure he 's able for 't, 6

For harmony,
Fools only make attempts
A wife man's pow'r 's the limit of his
If fortune has a niggard been to thee,
Devote thyself to thrift, not luxury,
And wisely make that kind of food thy choice
To which necessity confines thy price.
Well may they fear some miserable end
Whom Gluttony and Want at once attend
Whose large voracious throats have swallow'd
Both land and stock, int'rest and principal
Well may they fear, at length, vile Poverty
Who sold his very ring to purchase meat
And tho' a knight 'mongst common slaves
Begging an alms with undistinguish'd
Sure sudden death to such should welcome
On whom each added year heaps mis-
Scorn, poverty, reproach, and infamy
But there are steps in villany which
lead and follow by degrees

TRANSLATIONS.

One only grief such fugitives can find,
Reflecting on the pleasures left behind,
The plays and loose diversions of the place,
But not one blush appears for the disgrace.
Ne'er was of modesty so great a dearth,
That, out of count'nance, Virtue's fled from earth
Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and scorn,
She's with Astrea gone, not to return.

This day, my Persicus, thou shalt perceive
Whether myself I keep those rules I give,
Or else an unsuspected glutton live: IC
If mod'rate fare and abstinence I prize
In publick, yet in private gormondize.
Evander's feast reviv'd to-day thou'lt see ;
The poor Evander I, and thou shalt be
Alcides and Æneas both to me. II
Mean-time I send you now your bill of fare ;
Be not surpris'd that 't is all homely cheer ;
For nothing from the shambles I provide,
But from my own small farm the tend'rest kid,
And fattest of my flock, a suckling yet,
That ne'er had nourishment but from the teat :
No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
Scarce grass ; its veins have more of milk than bl
Next that shall mountain 'sparagus be laid,
Pull'd by some plain but cleanly countrymaid :
The largest eggs, yet warm within the nest,
Together with the hens which laid 'em, drest ;

Mix'd with . . .
Mellow'd by winter from the cruce,
Light of digestion now, and fit for use.

Such food as this would have been ha
Accounted riot in a senator ;

When the good Curius thought it no d
With his own hands a few small herbs
And from his little garden cull'd a feast
Which fetter'd slaves would now disda
For scarce a slave but has to dinner no
The well-dress'd paps of a fat pregnan

But heretofore 't was thought a sum
On birthdays, festivals, or days of state
A salt dry sitch of bacon to prepare :

If they had fresh meat 't was delicious
Which rarely happen'd ; and 't was hi
If ought was left of what they sacrific'
To entertainments of this kind woul

and the greatest men i

Then might y' have seen the good old gen'ral haste,
 Before th' appointed hour, to such a feast,
 His spade aloft, as 't were in triumph held,
 Proud of the conquest of some stubborn field.
 'Twas then, when pious Consuls bore the sway, 155
 And Vice, discourag'd, pale and trembling lay;
 Our Censors then were subject to the law,
 Ev'n Pow'r itself of Justice stood in awe;
 't was not then a Roman's anxious thought
 Where largest tortoise-shells were to be bought; 160
 Where pearls might of the greatest price be had,
 And shining jewels to adorn his bed,
 That he at vast expense might loll his head. }
 Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind;
 Contentedly he slept, as cheaply as he din'd. 165
 The soldier then, in Grecian arts unskill'd,
 Returning rich with plunder from the field,
 Cups of silver or of gold he brought,
 With jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,
 To glorious trapping straight the plate he turn'd,
 And with the glitt'ring spoil his horse adorn'd, 171
 Or else a helmet for himself he made,
 Where various warlike figures were inlaid;
 The Roman Wolf suckling the Twins was there,
 And Mars himself, arm'd with his shield and spear,
 Hovering above his crest did dreadful show, 176
 As threat'ning death to each resisting foe.

Spice.

No sideboards then
No sweating slaves with manive -
Expensive riot was not understood,
But earthen platters held their homely food.
Who would not envy them that age of bliss,
'That sees with shame the luxury of this?
Heav'n, unwearied then, did blessings pour.
And pitying Jove foretold each dang'rous hour.
Mankind were then familiar with the god
He snuff'd their incense with a gracious nod
And would have still been bounteous as o
Had we not left him for that idol, Gold.
His golden statues hence the god have d
For well he knows where our devotion
'Tis gold we worship, tho' we pray to
Woods of our own afforded tables there
Tho' none can please us now but from
Invite my Lord to dine, and let him
Invite my Lord to dine, and let him
... dish his appetite can crav
... board be set,

TRANSLATIONS.

Beneath whose orb large yawning panthers lie,
 Carv'd on rich pedestals of ivory,
 He finds no more of that offensive smell;
 The meat recovers, and my Lord grows well.
 An iv'ry table is a certain whet;
 You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
 As if new vigour to his teeth were sent,
 By sympathy from those o' th' elephant.

But such fine feeders are no guests for me;
 Riot agrees not with frugality:

Then that unfashionable man am I;

With me they'd starve for want of ivory,

For not one inch does my whole house afford,

Not in my very tables or chess-board;

Of bone the handles of my knives are made,

Yet no ill taste from thence affects the blade,

Or what I carve; nor is there ever left

Any unsav'ry haut-goût from the haft.

A hearty welcome to plain wholesome meat

You'll find, but serv'd up in no formal state:

No sew'rs nor dext'rous carvers have I got,

Such as by skilful Trypherus are taught,

In whose fam'd schools the various forms appear

Of fishes, beasts, and all the fowls o' th' air,

And where, with blunted knives, his scholars let

How to dissect, and the nice joints discern;

While all the neighb'rhoo are with noise oppress'd

From the harsh carving of his wooden feast.

At once my ear
With diligence he 'll serve us
And in plain beechen vessels fill our wine.
No beauteous boys I keep, from Phrygia brought
No catamites, by shameful panders taught
Only to me two homebred youths belong,
Unskill'd in any but their mother-tongue
Alike in feature both, and garb, appear,
With honest faces, tho' with uncurl'd hair
This day thou shalt my rural pages see,
For I have drest 'em both to wait on thee
Of country swains they both were born
My ploughman's is, t' other my shepherd
A cheerful sweetness in his looks he has
And innocence unartful in his face;
Tho' sometimes sadness will o'ercast
And gentle sighs break from the tear
His absence from his mother oft he
With his eyes look wishes to see
—der kids age



TRANSLATIONS.

This youth to-day shall my small treat attend,
And only he with wine shall serve my friend,
With wine from his own country brought, and
made

From the same vines beneath whose fruitful shade
He and his wanton kids have often play'd. 263

But you, perhaps, expect a modish feast,
With am'rous songs and wanton dances grac'd,
Where sprightly females, to the middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the ground, and frisk in air,
Whose pliant limbs in various postures move, 2
And twine and bound as in the rage of love :
Such fights the languid nerves to action stir,
And jaded Lust springs forward with this spur :
Virtue would shrink to hear this lewdness told,
Which husbands now do with their wives behold ;
A needful help to make 'em both approve 2
The dry embraces of long-wedded Love :
In nuptial cinders this revives the fire,
And turns their mutual loathing to desire :
But she who by her sex's charter must 2
Have double pleasure paid, feels double lust ;
Apace she warms with an immoderate heat,
Strongly her bosom heaves and pulses beat :
With glowing cheeks and trembling lips she lies,
With arms expanded and with naked thighs, 283
Sucking in passion both at ears and eyes.

These are

Let him who does on

Whose marble floors with drunken

Let him lascivious songs and dances have,

Which or to see or hear the lewdest slave,

The vilest prostitute in all the stews,

With bashful indignation would refuse.

But fortune there extenuates the crime ;

What 's vice in me is only mirth in him :

The fruits which murder, cards, or dice,

A vestal ravish'd, or a matron whor'd,

Are laudable diversions in a lord.

But my poor entertainment is design'd

T' afford you pleasures of another kin

Yet with your taste your hearing shal

And Homer's sacred lines and Virgi'

Either of whom does all mankind e

Tho' which exceeds the other none

It matters not with what ill tone th

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TRANSLATIONS.

Steal from thy bed and house, abroad to roam,
And having quench'd her flame come breathless
Fleck'd in her face, and with disorder'd hair,
Her garments ruffled, and her bosom bare;
With ears still tingling, and her eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in sin, still burning in desire,
Whilst you are forc'd to wink, and seem content
Swelling with passion which you dare not vent;
Nay, if you would be free from night alarms,
You must seem fond and doting on her charms,
Take her (the last of twenty) to your arms. 32

Let this and ev'ry other anxious thought,
At th' entrance of my threshold be forgot;
All thy domestick griefs at home be left,
The wife's adult'ry with the servants' theft,
And (the most racking thought which can intrude)
Forget false friends and their ingratitude.

Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,
While Megalensian shows are in the Circus seen
There (to the bane of horses) in high state
The Prætor sits on a triumphal seat,
Vainly with ensigns and with robes adorn'd,
As if with conquest from the wars return'd.
This day all Rome, (if I may be allow'd,
Without offence to such a num'rous crowd,
To say all Rome) will in the Circus sweat;
Echoes already do their shouts repeat:
Methinks I hear the cry—" Away, away!
" The green have won the honour of the day."

Oh ! should
Rome would in tears her
For that would now a cause of sorrow ,
Great as the loss of Cannæ's fatal field.
Such shows as these were not for us design'd,
But vig'rous youth to active sports inclin'd.
On beds of roses laid, let us repose,
While round our heads refreshing ointment flows
Our aged limbs we'll bask in Phœbus' rays, 3
And live this day devoted to our ease.
Early to-day we'll to the bath repair,
Nor need we now the common censure fear ;
On festivals it is allow'd no crime
To bathe and eat before the usual time ;
But that continu'd would a loathing give,
Nor could you thus a week together live,
For frequent use would the delight exclude
Pleasure 's a toil when constantly pursu'd.

PARAPHRASE
UPON
HORACE, LIB. I. ODE XIX.
Mater sœva Cupidinum, &c.

I.

THE tyrant Queen of soft desires,
With the resistless aid of sprightly wine
And wanton ease, conspires
To make my heart its peace resign,
And readmit Love's long rejected fires. 5
For beauteous Glycera I burn,
The flames so long repell'd with double force return:
Matchless her face appears, and shines more bright
Than polish'd marble when reflecting light;
Her very coyness warms, 10
And with a grateful fullness she charms;
Each look darts forth a thousand rays,
Whose lustre an unwary sight betrays:
My eyeballs swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

SHE comes! she comes! she rushes in my veins; 15
At once all Venus enters, and at large she reigns;
Cyprus no more with her abode is blest;
I am her palace, and her throne my breast.
Of savage Scythian arms no more I write,
Or Parthian archers, who in flying fight, 20

And --

Such idle themes --

Nor any thing but what's on our minds

And what's of high import but love?

Vervain and gums, and the green turf, prepare;

With wine of two years old your cups be fill'd:

After our sacrifice and prayer

The goddess may incline her heart to yield.

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